

COUNTRY LIFE

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COUNTRY LIFE

THE JOURNAL FOR ALL INTERESTED IN
COUNTRY LIFE & COUNTRY PURSUITS

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*. According to the new regulations of the War Office, our readers are informed that on and after Saturday, November 6th, COUNTRY LIFE will not be sent forward to neutral countries (European) unless posted direct from the publishing office or from newsagents who have obtained permission from the War Office for this purpose. No information will be given by the Post Office as to the disposal of packets stopped under these regulations.

THE WORLD'S COTTON SUPPLY.

IN the new number of the Bulletin of the Imperial Institute, the Professor of Economics at University College, Nottingham, writes upon this subject in a manner that should win wide public attention. Indeed, his name would do that almost in any case, as Professor Todd is recognised as a leading authority in his own line. The fact upon which he bases his essay is that a new question has arisen during the present century. The world crops have nearly doubled in that period and, nevertheless, "the extraordinary expansion of demand has all the time been pressing harder upon the increased supplies." Professor Todd, after much collation of statistics, has brought out the disconcerting fact that in five out of ten seasons before the war the world's consumption was actually in excess of the world's crops. It is no wonder, then, that the problem of increasing the supply should have been exercising many minds and have led to the formation of the British Cotton Growing Association and similar bodies in all other European countries which have colonies capable

of producing cotton. Very little has so far been effected. For instance, all the European colonies in Africa, excluding Egypt, do not yet produce 100,000 bales of 500lb. per annum. The world's consumption is increasing at the rate of about 1,000,000 bales per annum; at any rate, the demand is. This state of affairs is naturally reflected in a great increase of price, which rose from 3.76d. in the late nineties to 7.16d. in the first decade of the present century, and this was considerably exceeded in the year before the war. Thus a very unsatisfactory condition was created, as consumers refused to pay the high price, and consequently the boom of 1912-13 exhausted itself and fell away. It was feared, indeed, that the outbreak of war would bring with it a terrible fall of prices, especially as it coincided with an American crop which was the largest on record. There was, indeed, a steady fall of prices up to last December, and then they made a wonderful recovery, one which is not very easily explained. In some measure it meant that we had taken a certain amount of the cotton trade which formerly belonged to the enemy. There was also a brisker demand in the home market, and a keen demand grew up for cotton for war purposes. At the same time there had been a great downward rush of prices in 1914, with the result that the world acreage under cotton diminished. We need not follow Professor Todd further into his history of the cotton trade in the present century, as, in reality, the most striking feature of the article is the manner in which it points to the future. He foresees when the war is over an extraordinary boom in cotton. The world's stocks will then have been to a great extent worked off, and if trade only revives to its normal, there will be a more or less severe cotton famine.

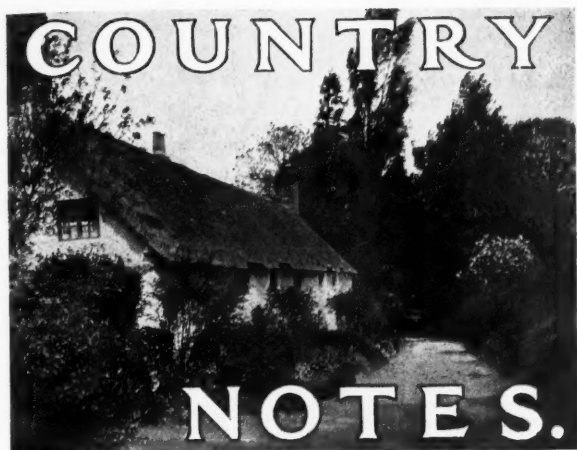
"It is well known," says the Professor, "that the effect of the war has been to accentuate the process of substitution of cotton fabrics for other materials, especially linen and wool, in large classes of goods, and this change is likely to be permanent, for wherever cotton finds its way into a new trade it comes to stay." When the immediate effects of the war have had time to settle down a little, the position is likely to be somewhat as follows: America will not sow more cotton, because the planters there will not be content with the price that Lancashire is willing to pay. The advice given by Professor Todd is that every effort should be made to develop cotton growing in our own colonies. He is of opinion that every penny invested by the British Empire in cotton growing now will be a profitable investment for the future, and the sooner the investment is made the greater as well as the quicker will be the return. He thinks that the British Cotton Growing Association with a capital of only half a million is ludicrously insufficient to attain the object. There should be an organisation of the size of a State Department with all the combined resources of the British Empire behind it and a capital of something like ten millions.

We have briefly and perhaps a little baldly summarised a well thought out argument in favour of extending our cotton growing and our cotton manufacturing while as yet there is an opportunity of doing so. It will be too late to begin after the war is closed. Then we shall be in a position not much better than that of Germany, which showed how well she could organise an industry by promoting cotton growing in the Levant. But neither Germany nor any other country can rival Great Britain in the production of cotton if we really set about the task in earnest as an industry particularly for India and such of the other colonies as are suitable. This country cannot again afford to go to sleep while its rivals are straining brain and muscle to acquire and keep business for themselves. This question of cotton raising is only one of many. Professor Todd has treated it with great vigour and clearness; but it is most desirable that other experts should bring their minds to bear on the other industries which will need and repay development as soon as the war is over.

Our Frontispiece

OUR frontispiece this week is a portrait of Lady Blanche Somerset, elder daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Beaufort.

*. It is particularly requested that no permission to photograph houses, gardens or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper. When such requests are received, the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would forward the correspondence at once to him.



AFTER the disquieting events and discussions of the previous week, the speeches at the Lord Mayor's Banquet have an inspiring effect. They admirably reflect the temper of the public, which is awakened alike to the gravity of certain aspects of the war and the costly mistakes that have been made, but is thereby only steeled to a harder resolution. Mr. A. J. Balfour's attitude of "serene confidence," strengthened by the Prime Minister's firm adherence to his famous declaration at last year's banquet, are calculated to confirm the determination which nothing has shaken or can shake, that the Allies will "stick at nothing" to make their cause prevail. The hearty applause which greeted every reference to the genius of Lord Kitchener and the splendid organising power which in twelve months has brought about the enlistment, training and equipment of a great and efficient army, gave expression to a general recognition of his splendid services. It is not too much to hope that in the future Ministers will see that the better policy is to trust the people. They have the fibre that will go dauntlessly forward despite occurrences that may look for the moment discouraging.

A VALUED correspondent forwards to us a few notes about the present political situation which are none the less interesting because they are flavoured neither by party nor personal feeling. He says "the greatest intellectual deficiency brought to light by the war has been the general ignorance of foreign policy. This is a legacy from the days of Bright and Gladstone, both of whom affected to think that domestic politics were of far greater importance than foreign politics. This opinion seems to have been adopted by a majority of men on both sides of politics. On the Conservative side it would be difficult to find any young men who have received the training necessary to an understanding of foreign affairs, a training which would enable them to become the successors of Lord Lansdowne or Mr. A. J. Balfour, if he were in that office. On the Liberal side it would take a great deal of seeking to find a successor to Sir Edward Grey. I am assuming, of course, that you look only to the younger politicians and not to the leaders who have had their day. Mr. Balfour would probably refuse any appointment of this kind, and so would Lord Rosebery."

THIS is greatly to be regretted. Up to the time of Lord Palmerston and Lord Beaconsfield, our great statesmen were all men who understood a great deal about foreign policy. But after Waterloo this country appears to have imagined that it had obtained a position superior and beyond that of any others, and therefore the new statesmen who were to come on towards the end of last century did not study foreign policy as deeply as their predecessors had done. They looked upon Great Britain as an entity, or if their gaze widened so as to take in the Empire, it still excluded the rest of the world. But Great Britain happens to be one of a number of European nations each of which has its ambitions, some legitimate and some illegitimate. In a well organised country the Embassy should be the school of future ministries. There it is possible to obtain first hand knowledge of the characters of the various peoples and of those who lead them, the national ideals and the aims, especially of those which conflict with our own. In this way the young politician would come to learn what was in harmony with his own country and what was at discord with it. He could judge of the forces, moral and physical, by which any definite policy could be supported and also understand something of national aspirations. These a century ago would have

been considered the A B C of a statesman's training and the neglect of them would appear strange and suicidal to those who guarded British honour in the past. But as long as diplomacy is recruited by favour and not by merit, so long will this weakness continue.

THAT there should be a House of Commons debate on the subject of economy is very right and proper, but in this, as in other respects, a good example should be set by the Government itself. As we pointed out a few weeks ago, the expenditure of this country has nearly trebled itself during the last half century, and the word retrenchment seems to have been obliterated from the party banners. A great deal of it is, in reality, expenditure on luxuries and charity. In times of prosperity the Government seems to have been generally asking, What can we add to the comfort and convenience of the people? In these harder days it will be more appropriate to ask, What can the people do without? Were our public expenditure approached in this spirit, it could easily be diminished by at least 50 per cent. And in this matter we ought to look to Ministers themselves for a model. All but one or two of them are drawing large incomes from the State and even the private Member of Parliament is being paid a salary which perhaps in these days might be dispensed with. It would have a good moral effect if Ministers, Members, political pensioners, and others belonging to the same class, were to show a willingness to sacrifice something at this critical moment in our history. They would then be in a much stronger position for enforcing the duty of economy upon the other subjects of the King.

MARIAN.

Her mind was like the virgin forest, hushed
In silent peace, where man had never trod,
And they who ventured on the enchanted sod,
A few short paces, knew their feet had brushed
The early dew of some forgotten morn,
Some daybreak ere this hurrying world was born.

The quiet thoughts, like tranquil forest trees,
In dreaming ranks stretched onwards, far away
From sunlight and our noise of common day
To space and rest and wide simplicities,
But kept their secret hidden. Mile on mile,
Green and remote, each dim, mysterious aisle
Led on . . . ah, whither! None will ever guess
What lay beyond their shadowy loveliness.

ISABEL BUTCHART.

MUCH of our present extravagance is due to so-called social reformers who are very generous when it comes to spending public money. Even at this moment protests are being made in the *New Statesman* and elsewhere against any reduction of local rates, on the principle, as asserted by the organ of Mr. Sidney Webb, that to do so would be to make one set of ratepayers a present at the expense of others. In the writer's own words, "the children of Bermondsey and Bethnal Green are to suffer in order that the lessees and property owners of the City and Westminster may be able to maintain their accustomed course of life." No doubt where the rates are, so to speak, embodied in the rent, and the tenant pays the landlord and the landlord satisfies the rate collector, this is apparently the case, though not really. But the fact only illustrates the iniquity of the system of "compounding."

IF every tenant paid his rates direct, it is a safe deduction that he would be inclined to take more care how the money was spent, and at any rate it is ridiculous to try and raise up prejudice on this matter. The people who suffer most from overrating are the lower middle classes and the better-off working men. If Mr. Sidney Webb disputes this, it would be easy to show him one little town near London which is avoided because of the excessively high rates, and another which is overcrowded simply because the rates are low. In both places a large proportion of the inhabitants live out of occupations they pursue in the Capital, and it is to the general advantage that they should go out and live in a country town. But the householder of only moderate means who does this reckons the cost of his experiment much in this way: He probably pays a little less in rent proportionately, but he has to add to it the price of his season ticket and the local rates, which in many cases make his outlay considerably greater than it would be if he lived in

a London suburb. The amount of the rates is one of the first questions asked by one who is thinking of changing his place of residence, and this matter has certainly not lost but gained in importance since the outbreak of war.

IN another part of the paper will be found some comment on the COUNTRY LIFE Anthology, which has been long preparing and is now almost ready to appear. It would be very interesting to know how far the judgment of those who have a taste for poetry coincides with that which has gone to the making of the book. The anthologist in this case had not the advantage which comes to him who is taking all poetic literature for his field. In the latter case he must, to a certain extent, be guided in his choice by what the late Mr. Gladstone called "the solemn voice of the ages." Many thousands have been at work selecting beforehand, and there are certain poems which he must either include or range himself against the best critical opinion of the world. No such assistance was forthcoming in the present instance. There was only one's judgment and nothing more to go on. Each of the poems made a first appearance in the pages of COUNTRY LIFE, and though a considerable number were afterwards published in book form, even then they were included in a bundle of others. No separate judgment upon them was forthcoming.

THIS was only one of the difficulties. Another is that of judging to what extent verses have a lasting interest. Some are inspired by the events of the day in which they appear, others are created in a certain atmosphere which changes daily. Only a proportion have an authentic message to the human heart which rings as clearly after the passage of years as it did on the day of their first utterance. To distinguish between the two really involves a use of instinct rather than reason. Often enough no rule will hold good. If it be laid down that what is written about the events of the day loses its interest with the passing of the day, then one comes upon a thought or an expression which came to birth precisely in this manner and yet carries the hall mark of the genuine article. It is as though the poem had been latent in the mind of the writer and simply struck out or illuminated by the passing event to which in superficial eyes it owed its existence. These are difficulties which exist completely apart from that difference in individual taste which makes of one man's meat another man's poison.

THE little book published in Paris by the Comtesse de Courson on "The Women of France and the War" gives a great deal of most interesting information about what has been done by *grandes dames*, such as the Dowager Duchesse d'Uzès and the Duchesse de Rohan. But it is impossible to tell all, simply because the best cannot be reduced to hard fact. Possibly in this country women have contributed more money, but they have not produced a change so complete and a devotion so absolute as their French sisters. History, indeed, does not record any finer instance of feminine patriotism and self-denial. We used to think of the Frenchwoman chiefly as an embodiment of gaiety and elegance; but the crisis has brought out nobler and deeper qualities than these. It is a saying in Paris that every woman, even the *cocotte*, is working for the war. They are giving what is more than money, namely, their whole soul and energy to the sacred cause. It has been said that it is the good mother who makes the great man, but in this case the women have been not only the inspiration but the model of the soldier, and where this is so it is impossible to believe that a country can be beaten. It means that the moral resources of France, as well as the physical, are placed unreservedly at the disposal of the country.

SIX years ago Algernon Swinburne died, and on Friday, November 5th, there passed away the last surviving member of the family in the person of his youngest sister, Miss Isabel Swinburne, who died at her house, 61, Onslow Square, South Kensington, aged sixty-nine. Between her and the poet there existed an intense and passionate friendship and she was one of the few who had a memory of him in his early days. Lord Redesdale, as was pointed out in a review of his recently published "Memories," is another; but those who knew Swinburne in his childhood have now dwindled to a very little band indeed. We hope that as long as some are alive to give first hand information an attempt will be made to collect data for his biography. It is open to anyone to write a critical study of his literary career, but future generations would like to know the man himself as he might have been described by the late Mr.

Theodore Watts-Dunton, or as he might still be by Mr. Edmund Gosse. It would be good news to learn that the latter was enlarging his short, privately printed biography into a book proportionate to the interest of the subject.

WE are glad that the Board of Agriculture has issued a recommendation to farmers to top-dress their wheat this autumn with from $\frac{3}{4}$ cwt. to 1 cwt. of sulphate of ammonia per acre. According to the experiments at Rothamsted, described by the director, Dr. E. J. Russell, the increase of wheat crop traceable to sulphate of ammonia is about $4\frac{1}{2}$ bushels of wheat for every hundredweight of ammonia used. But those who cultivate land of any kind, either field or garden, should remember that this is only one method of improvement. The word manure is practically the same as manœuvre, and in ancient treatises it is used to designate the working of the land. That is a great point to remember. The fertility of the soil is vastly increased by simply turning it over—an operation that can easily be understood when it is remembered that our soils have been made by the action of wind and water on the solid rock. Therefore, ploughing or digging is a first essential to good manuring. The stable or the farmyard supplies the most nourishing of plant food and should be utilised wherever available; but the intelligent farmer will know how to reinforce his farmyard manure with an intelligent employment of artificials.

AFTER THE GALE.

Scattered and torn the storm clouds drift before the dying wind,
The sun gleams golden from the clearing sky,
Across the angry seas that heave and fall,
Tumbling white-topped billows swinging by.
Along the shore, with wreck and seaweed strewn,
The long resistless rollers, glinting green,
Curve and crash in a smother of creaming foam.
With pools of glancing silver light between;
Roaring up the shining slippery cliffs,
That fling them back in showers of misty spray,
Swirling over the hidden rocks below,
Where the brown fronds of seaweed strain and sway.
'Mid the unending strife and ceaseless thunder
Of the waves a flock of eiders rise and fall,
And, hovering white in the hazy, sunlit sky,
The gulls clamour and call.

VERA NICOLSON.

AN extremely interesting table has been issued by the Board of Trade to show the average increase in wholesale meat prices between October, 1914, and October, 1915. They are not so great as might have been expected in war time. Pork shows the greatest rise, $3\frac{1}{4}$ d. per lb. Beef and mutton have gone up, roughly speaking, about 2d. per lb. When this is allowed for, however, the housekeeper will, it is to be feared, have reason to complain that there is no correspondence between the relatively small increase in wholesale prices with those she has to pay in the shop. Meat has there become so very dear that the civilian, who also recognises that the needs of the soldier must come first, has in many cases voluntarily curtailed his consumption. That is the right thing. Fortunately, the past year was very favourable for growing vegetables, and it is no great hardship to be compelled to fall back on them as the main article of diet.

A CONTEMPORARY has been collecting opinions as to the advisability or otherwise of keeping up hunting during the present winter. In the majority of instances the answer is in the affirmative. Various reasons for this are given. In the first place, foxes have multiplied to a very considerable extent since the war began and very loud complaints about their marauding have come from poultry-keepers and others. In the second place, if the hunts were to stop it might be difficult to start them again. As the Duke of Beaufort points out, the building up of a pack of hounds requires both time and money, and of the latter there will not be much to spare in the early years following the war. It is safe to assume that many who hunted regularly before that will not be able to afford the amusement for some time afterwards. Thus hunting will run the risk of falling into desuetude unless measures are taken to keep the hunting alive during the present winter. It will not be a great pleasure to do this, because so many of the faces once familiar at the meet are now far away. A certain number of them never will return. As a matter of business, it would be wise not to let this great national sport cease altogether.

"A THOUSAND YEARS OF RUSSIAN HISTORY."

BY SONIA HOWE, REVIEWED BY STEPHEN GRAHAM.

"A THOUSAND YEARS OF RUSSIAN HISTORY," the title of a new book written by Sonia Howe and published by Messrs. Williams and Norgate, suggests a chronicle, a blazoning of events. It should make history live; the

written word should have an aspect similar to that of the antique picture Mrs. Howe reproduces of the warriors sent by Andrei Bogolyubski, Prince of Suzdal, against Novgorod. History books are compact, neat, chaptered, margined, ruled, but history is none of these things. It proceeds, it is multiplex, tumultuous and splendid. No matter who dies or what institution perishes, the pageant goes on, the dance does not die down.

Mrs. Howe's task was to show the voluminous splendour of Europe in the tenth century, to distinguish Russia in it, and then to go on, not writing, but painting, blazoning; not thinking, but feeling and imagining and knowing:

The poet's eye in a fine frenzy rolling
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven,
And as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shape.

Russia is discovered majestic in her wide forests and mighty streams. She is more mysterious than she is now, the people are fewer, their further lands lie undiscovered. The unexplored is vast, the known is, however, satisfying. Russia is Christian and owns allegiance to Byzantium. The cross is on St. Sophia. Russia is in arms and participates in the passion of the Crusades. Her enemies are the enemies of Christ. In her forests lurk the nature-worshippers, and with them the new gentle Slavic Christians. There are hermits, there is the death of old religion and its rebirth in Christianity, the mingling of the ideas of the old world of that day with the new world of Christian idealism. In Russia may be found not only the ancestors of the Czars and of the present aristocracy, but also of the serfs. Russia has a South, East and West vulnerable by the hordes of Asia, but she has also

a North little touched by the Mongols, and many a little nook and corner where the gentle and feminine, but none the less strong-limbed and persistent, aborigines survive.

Churches arise, monasteries, kremlins. From Syria and Egypt, by Greece and Byzantium, come the inspira-

tion of the Church, the ideas of mediæval Christianity, the ikons, the forms of worship. Christianity displays pomp and is as the banner of armies. Then the armies are beaten, but Christianity and Holy Russia are not beaten. They dwell in the hearts of the conquered and in the forests and thousands of out of the way corners and crannies. It suits the Slav temperament too

well for there ever to be the chance of Russia becoming Mahometan. Constantinople falls, and Russia is cut off and shut away. And she matures in silence and becomes stronger, sweeter, more profound. Not that the Tartar, the slither of ears and flogger and torturer, has been overwhelmed. He is for a while open victor, and then recedes unsustained, yet having gone, he lurks in the byways of the Russian soul, having married in with many and given his coarser blood to the race. It is possible for a monarch to cut off prisoners' heads as a sort of dessert after dinner, possible to beat to death, burn, torture—and do many things to exemplify the Tartar in the race. Not that the Russian men in arms, the chivalry of the land, are not brutal enough without Tartar admixture, but neither are they one with the gentler people of the forests and the soil, the people who are to rise and become Russia, the Russian people.

Such is the way history has to be shown if it is to touch the heart, if it is to be literature and not merely the making of books.

Mrs. Howe, the wife of an English clergyman, has written the book with this happy title, "A Thousand Years of Russian History." But she treats her subject in a different way. The fine illustrations of her book stand out and proclaim the splendour of Russia's symphony, but the authoress has not what may be called an orchestral imagination; she keeps in mind the



VLADIMIR, GRAND DUKE OF KIEV, 980-1015.

From an ancient banner.



WARRIORS SENT BY ANDREI BOGOLYUBSKI, PRINCE OF SUZDAL (1157-1174), AGAINST NOVGOROD.

Detail from an Ikon in the Church of the Holy Mother of God in Novgorod.

ignorance and tastelessness of a certain imaginary public she is writing for. "The ignorance of the English people as regards Russia is no modern peculiarity," says she in her opening sentence, and she proceeds to "supply a want and give us in a handy form" the information we need. So she walks with the reader and expounds. And we have an ordinary informative work on the history of Russia undoubtedly supplying a want. We start with the sparse array of known facts, the meagre grain of history: "In 851 Askold and Dir, two bold Scandinavian warriors, had made themselves masters of Kiev on the Dnieper, whence they made a successful raid on Byzantium. The chief of the Varangians was Rurik, who had settled in 862 on Lake Ladoga, from whence he gradually extended his rule over various cities, chief among them Novgorod . . ." and so on. No prelude tells of the great mystery and beauty of the past, or heralds with expectant note the coming of new mighty men into the great harmony of colour that is history and is life.

Granted that the years of Russia roll on, Vladimir reigns from 980 to 1015. The birth of Holy Russia is indicated in the following words: "Having accepted Christianity in 988, Vladimir decided to make it the national religion, and caused all his people to be baptised *en masse* in the rivers. His choice of the Greek form of Christianity was the natural result of trade intercourse with Byzantium."

Yaroslav the wise began to reign and genealogical tables develop, and slowly but steadily interest comes into history and we begin to grasp a sequence of events. Principalities and powers arise, private and public foes, the hordes of Asia. The Mongol yoke comes upon Russia. Kiev gives way to Vladimir; both cities are sacked by the Mongols. Then Alexander Nevsky, saint and monarch, ascends the throne of Novgorod. Dmitri Donskoi comes to the throne, and in his reign mighty Tamerlane, the emperor of Asia, marches against Moscow. One has some notion of the tumult of political life in Russia. The majesty of peace lies over her broad forests, but we know by history's page where the battlefields and the massacres were.

At this point the value of Mrs. Howe's volume as a social and political study of Russian history rises, and the reader is enabled to understand the formation of the classes of Russia, the lives of her famous monarchs—Ivan, Peter, Catherine, and the coming into being of modern Russia. The story of

in favour of the independence of the Finns and the Poles. There is an excellent chapter on the Cossacks, which may well be referred to for the information it imparts. We are short of histories of Russia, and Mrs. Howe's book will be useful



PETER THE GREAT IN HIS COSTUME AS A SKIPPER IN PLACE OF THE FLOWING TARTAR ROBES WORN UP TO THE TIME OF HIS REFORMS.

on the bookshelf. It is not the work of a painter, blazoner, chronicler, but a simple painstaking effort which will appeal to those who are not yet ready for anything else.

"THE MILK OF PARADISE."

I WAS moved by the review of Mr. Forrest Reid's study of the poetry of W. B. Yeats in *COUNTRY LIFE* to get the book and read it. The passage to which the critic refers, hazarding the opinion that Mr. Yeats is a greater poet than Shelley, Keats, Coleridge, and Rossetti, seems to raise an interesting question. It is the easiest matter in the world to express an opinion like this or to say the opposite, but it ought to be possible to subject poetry to more effective tests. In order to try to do that I have been comparing a fine thing written by Mr. Yeats with some passages in the poets enumerated. The lines from Mr. Yeats are well known and are characterised by his critic as "what is perhaps the most beautiful poem in the book":

I heard the old, old men say,
"Everything alters,
And one by one we drop away."
They had hands like claws, and their knees
Were twisted like the old thorn trees
By the waters.
I heard the old, old men say,
"All that's beautiful drifts away
Like the waters."

Mr. Reid says: "Here the verse is as naked as may be, but it is more musical than the verse of his last things," and he goes on: "It opens with a little of the stiffness of a Gregorian chant, but the short sixth line is a concession to the ear, and the singing quality of the last two lines rounds the whole thing off, bringing it to a full melodic finish. The poem is remarkable for a certain grimness in its imagery. It is like a Dürer etching." The criticism here is fine and discriminating. If it be true that any melodious arrangement of words is fine poetry, then the verdict is one against which there can be no appeal. The language here shows a combination of simple directness with a perfect melody. It can, I think, be most profitably compared with the two opening stanzas of "The Blessed Damozel." Mr. Yeats owes a great deal to Rossetti. In both is visibly evident the intention to produce at the same time verbal melody and verbal expressiveness; but that there is a difference soon becomes apparent:

The blessed Damozel lean'd out
From the gold bar of Heaven:
Her blue grave eyes were deeper much
Than a deep water, even.
She had three lilies in her hand,
And the stars in her hair were seven.



COSTUME OF BOYARS IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

Napoleon is told, of the wars with Turkey, of the liberation of the Serfs.

Then the history has a great gap, 1862 to 1915, the story of which vital period is told in five pages, in a chapter called "A Link." This is a little unfortunate for the reader who needs to be informed. Several chapters follow on the state of Russia to-day, wherein it is evident that the authoress is

Her robe, ungirt from clasp to hem,
No wrought flowers did adorn,
But a white rose of Mary's gift
On the neck meetly worn;
And her hair, lying down her back,
Was yellow like ripe corn.

A difference which in the case of Rossetti may be described as a bolder and stronger imagination. This would apply equally well to the oft quoted ending to "The Ode to a Nightingale":

Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird!
No hungry generations tread thee down;
The voice I hear this passing night was heard
In ancient days by emperor and clown:
Perhaps the self-same song that found a path
Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,
She stood in tears amid the alien corn;
The same that oft-times hath
Charmed magic casements, opening on the foam
Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn.

Those magic casements open not only on the foam, but on the illimitable territory of dream. And now with these passages compare a few lines from "Kubla Khan." This constitutes the poetic greatness of the lines:

A damsel with a dulcimer
In a vision once I saw:
It was an Abyssinian maid,
And on her dulcimer she played,
Singing of Mount Abora.
Could I revive within me
Her symphony and song,
To such a deep delight 'twould win me,
That with music loud and long,
I would build that dome in air,
That sunny dome! those caves of ice!
And all who heard should see them there,
And all should cry, Beware! Beware!
His flashing eyes, his floating hair!
Weave a circle round him thrice,
And close your eyes with holy dread,
For he on honey-dew hath fed,
And drunk the milk of Paradise.

It seems to me that here is something infinitely greater than is to be found in any of the other lines. There is not only the sweetness of numbers, but the melody of one of those inner songs which have run through and inspired life from the beginning of the world. I think it impossible to read and compare them without recognising that great and fine as is the achievement of Mr. W. B. Yeats, it yet lacks the greatness of poetry which characterises this passage and a few others that belong to the perfect lyre. R. St. J. M.

A HEDGEROW SPRITE.

I AM sure that all my readers are familiar with that fairy of the woods the squirrel, but I very much doubt if many are aware that in our country hedgerows there dwells a little creature which in its habits is a miniature squirrel. A diminutive, pretty, brown sprite it is, too, and in its ways of living it greatly resembles its woodland cousin. A more lovable, delightful and fascinating little animal it would be difficult to find. The dormouse is its name, and it is to be found in many of our hedgerows.

Let me endeavour to describe him. A plump, reddish-brown body, so soft that one would imagine there never could be bones underneath; a tail "feathered" all its length—I mean by this that it is hairy; the little feet are soft and well padded, but powerful notwithstanding, and with the tiny fingers the little beastie can cling and climb with great dexterity. The ears are not long, and the face is not long and pointed like the mouse we find in our houses. I have described the mouse, but the description is not complete, for when



BLACK LUSTROUS EYES.

you first look at a dormouse the first thing you notice is the wonderful eyes. Two big, black, protruding eyes they are; and so bright and lustrous that they resemble two big black diamonds. As the little creature sits on a clump and nibbles at a nut which he holds in his fore-paws, those two great black eyes seem to be throwing out rays of brightness, and if we can only get close enough we shall see what wonderful softness there seems to be in them. I have seen the eyes of a great many wild animals at close quarters: the fierce, untamable expression of the eagle; the knowing and artful look of the raven; the cunning but scared look of the fox, and a hundred other wild mammals and birds, but nowhere in nature have I seen such lovable eyes as those of the dormouse.

Down among the dead leaves, low in the hedgerow, in a warm dry place there is a cosy, well hidden nest. Sitting outside this, looking very dreamy and sleepy, the dormouse is gazing out upon the world. It is the end of a dreary November day, and after the warmth of October it is chilly and miserable. He walks



O. G. Pike.

BATTERED BUT VICTORIOUS.

Copyright.

slowly along a twig, picks up a small dry leaf, and carries this into his nest. Once again he comes out, sits up on his haunches and slowly preens his shining whiskers, looks dreamingly around, and again goes back into his small home. Outside the mists are falling, a dismal wind begins to groan through the trees, and the heavy, dew-soaked leaves fall to the wet grass. Inside is different; there is warmth there, and the dormouse, inside his nest is a far more energetic creature than he seemed to be outside. The warmth of his small home soon revives him. Around him there are pieces of broken acorn, and also nut shells, with a small hole bored in the side through which the contents have been extracted. He takes little notice of these for he is sleepy, but he rearranges his nest, moves a piece of grass here, pushes another into place, and twists and turns about until the inside of his home is wonderfully round. Presently his big eyes close, he pushes his soft round nose into his furry coat, he draws his legs close to his body, and in a few minutes he looks like a little brown ball; one little paw is covering his eyes, and his beautiful tail is wound over his face and back. He looks just like a brown ping-pong ball, and is about the same size. Outside, darkness has fallen, and throughout the long night the dormouse still sleeps; he draws himself tighter together until he is such a perfect ball that you could take him from his nest and roll him about, and yet he would not wake. It would be hard to find a more comfortable sleeper. Nothing disturbs him; the wind may howl outside, the rain may pour down, snow may come and cover his home, but you will not wake him.

And so begins the winter sleep of the dormouse. For fully five months he remains there, rolled up tightly in his nest all unconscious of the world around him. The winter will come with its cruel storms, its icy grip which means death to so much, its snow and piercing winds, and yet our little mouse will slumber on and on. The weeks will slowly follow one another, and at last the snow will go. Flowers will begin to appear, the primrose and the deep blue violet will show their welcome petals through the grass, but the sleeper will not see them. Birds will sing in the sky above him, but their music will not reach his closed ears, and it is not until the real great pageant of spring is beginning to pass along the land that the dormouse awakes.

Outside his dark home it is one of those happy April days when a little corner of heaven seems to have dropped down and settled upon the earth, turning it into a paradise of music, colour and beauty. Between the sailing white clouds the sky looks a deep, deep blue, and up there the happy skylark must sing, for the sunshine makes him; like the black-



A TAIL FEATHERED ALL ITS LENGTH.

birds and thrushes he feels that he must send out over the land some of the joy that is filling him.

Again the blackbird's music goes down to the awaking sleeper; he stretches his limbs, rolls over and over, and at last sits up, blinking and wondering where he is. The entrance to his home has been covered with wind driven and falling leaves, and he pushes his way through. A brown nose appears, and a ray of sunshine finds its way down, and two big black eyes are lit up with a brilliant lustre. For fully three minutes he sits there shivering and blinking. Perhaps he only remembers the dull November day on which he last saw the world, but what a change is all around him, and the warm sun tempts him out still further.

Now there is brightness all around him, and music too; in fact, it is all so interesting that he sits on a twig, and after thoroughly investigating the new world, he sits up and goes through a very lengthy toilet. A slight rustling near makes the dormouse run to shelter, but before entering his nest he looks and finds it is another bright-eyed mouse, which has been sleeping close to him all through those weary weeks.

Spring gives place to summer, and in that sultry month, when all the birds cease their songs, the dormouse is seen again.

The outside was made of honeysuckle fibre and the interior lined with leaves, and after a few days' work a very pretty little grassy ball was constructed low down in the thick hedge.

It was about the first week of harvest, when the robin and skylark were beginning to sing again, that the nest contained four tiny baby dormice. The thick grasses and flowers had grown up and completely hidden the home from sight, it was lost in the thickness of the hedge, and there, almost in darkness, the babies were reared. On the twigs around their home they played, they skipped up and down the branches, running to shelter at the slightest sign of danger; they learned to run up the bushes to find the nuts, their mother showed them where to find the fattest acorns and the sweetest berries. They had many adventures; space forbids me to tell you of them all. Their father came to an untimely end, for a weasel captured him, and no doubt would have had them too, only their mother led them away through the thick grasses to another hedge. They saw the summer fade, autumn come on, and before winter arrived that wonderful power Instinct showed them what to do, and how to build a cosy home. Then they in their turn settled down to that wonderful long sleep which means that their whole conscious life is lived in the warmer days, and the coldness and dreariness of winter are to them unknown.

O. G. PIKE.



O. G. PIKE. A LITTLE BROWN SPRITE. Copyright.

MEMORIAL STAINED GLASS WINDOWS

BY SIR ROBERT LORIMER.

STAINED glass is the noblest of all the arts related to architecture, the most alluring, the most romantic handmaid of the "Mistress Art." A church may be entirely devoid of sculpture, of carving and of mosaic, and yet have all the finest qualities of architecture—scale, proportion, light and shade, rhythm, mystery; but unless the windows contain fine stained glass the interior may still be a cold, unresponsive place.

A small—a very small—proportion of the stained glass that is produced at the present day is as fine as anything that has been done in any age. Judging, however, from the quality of the larger proportion of the work that the public, who order it, is content to accept from those who produce it, it is evident that most people have only a very vague idea as to the qualities that should be looked for in this material.

After the South African war many stained glass memorial windows were placed in churches in these islands, and doubtless after the present war a far greater number will be erected. Many of these memorial windows will be placed in ancient country churches near the traditional homes of those lovely



SAINT COLUMBA.

At St. Columba's Church, Pont Street. (Douglas Strachan.)

and clean and debonair, the memorial should partake of these qualities. Surely if

His Horoscope had seemed so plainly drawn :
School triumphs earned apace in work and play :
Friendships at will ; then love's delightful dawn
And mellowing day,

the memorial to such a one should gleam and glisten and scintillate with pure and lovely colour. Above all things it

and pleasant youths, who in their legions have given their lives in order that our little isle set in the silver sea, our quiet country places, and all the precious heritage of tender human art that they contain may not be churned into ruin and have their wild flowers trodden down by ruthless feet. If stained glass memorial windows are to be placed in these country churches, it is surely worth while that they should be the best of their kind, not turned out by universal providers, but created by a man who feels, who has a brain and a heart, and who can express himself through the medium of this magical material. Then, indeed, the result may convey a thrill of joy and thankfulness to the beholder. And if the youth to be commemorated was gay and bright



IN OLD SAINT PAUL'S CHURCH, EDINBURGH.

(Karl Parsons.)

should not—like so much modern glass—be dull and conventional and bilious and opaque.

As an understanding of the possibilities and the limitations of the craft may help to an appreciation of the effects that ought to be aimed at, it will not be amiss to describe briefly the material and the process. A window has to serve the double purpose of keeping out the weather and letting in the light; and a stained glass window is composed of pieces of coloured and clear glass held together by strips of lead.

It is not a design painted on glass with coloured pigments, and it is essential to remember—and never to forget—that in a window the light shines through the picture and not on it. The features that are painted on a face, or the shading required to give form to a limb or a piece of drapery, are done *not* with colour but in monochrome. A yellow stain is the only thing in the nature of a coloured pigment that is used in real stained glass, and this is always applied to the back or outside of the glass and then fired in the kiln.

There are two kinds of glass: pot metal glass, that is, glass where the colour goes all through as in a sapphire or ruby—such gloriously suggestive stuff, that just to look through a rack of it in a glass workshop should be enough to fire the most sluggish imagination.

The other kind of glass is flashed glass, where a film of coloured glass is overlaid on a slab of clear glass and an effect may be got by acid etching out portions of the colour until the ground of the clear glass is reached. This process is particularly useful in heraldic work, where small detail, such as the quarterings on a shield have to be shown, or the diaper pattern on a robe or vestment. These are the two kinds of glass; but to the man who knows and loves his craft, the ways of using the glass are inexhaustible. For instance, various effects may be got by doubling the glass. Two pieces of glass may be placed together to produce certain qualities and gradations of colour. Again, the effect of brilliance that is found in the best modern work, and also in the old work, is largely arrived at by using glass that varies greatly in thickness. If the hand is passed over a window where the greatest amount of expression has been yielded up by the material, the surface is found to be extremely uneven owing to the

irregularity in thickness of the glass used. It will be obvious that a window built up of small pieces of glass that are irregular in thickness—a single piece being perhaps half an inch thick at one end and only an eighth of an inch at the other—is much more difficult to lead together, and consequently is much more expensive to produce than if a flat glass is used. This should be borne in mind by anyone who proposes to set up a stained glass window. With flat glass only the dullest results are possible.*

Here must be plainly stated the utter futility of anyone trying to design for glass, or in fact for any other craft, who does not know every move in the game and who is not vitally in touch with the material. The man who would produce work worth having must have learned to carry out with his own hand every process that goes to the making of a window. He must be the man among his men; he may spend the morning in his studio, but he must spend the afternoon in the workshop. The superior person who occasionally condescended in the sanctity of his studio to throw off a vaguely drawn cartoon which was afterwards translated into glass in the workshop of some commercial firm happily belongs to the past. The craft movement of the last twenty years has given him his quietus. The true stained glass designer must think in glass and think in colour and also think of his lead lines all the time as he works at his cartoon. He says to himself as he works, Ah! here's the chance to use up that glorious piece of ruby that I have been saving; or, here's a chance for that piece of green like an emerald, or, that bit of white like rock crystal, or, that bit of lapis lazuli, "blue as a vein o'er the Madonna's breast." In fact he is as keen a craftsman as he is an artist: he feels that design and craft cannot be separated, and knows what infinite variety of suggestion



SAINT JOHN BAPTIST AT
SAINT ANDREWS.
(Douglas Strachan.)



AT COLMONELL CHURCH.
AYRSHIRE.

Middle window of three. (Louis Davis.)



THE ANNUNCIATION.
(Henry Payne.)



LEGEND OF SAINT KENELM.

In memory of British children killed during the war. (Walter H. Camm.)

there is in his material. The ideal stained glass artist must have gifts that are rarely found in the same individual. He must be a dreamer of dreams, must have imagination, that gift that the gods have at all times dealt out so sparingly to each generation. He must be a keen lover and minute observer of nature. He must feel the endless suggestion of buds and berries and seed-pods, of creeping and flying things, of the twilight and the dawn. He must be methodical, a manager of men, something of a business man, but all through he must be the artist—literally—"to his finger tips," the man with the itch to produce, the man who feels that "the wages are in the life."

The material, the method by which a window is produced, and the type of man who may be expected to produce it, have now been briefly described. It will be agreed that



"OUT OF THE DEPTHS."
(Louis Davis.)

trade firms who run stained glass as a "side line" cannot possibly produce comparable results. No, the glass produced under these conditions—and too many of our churches are unfortunately disfigured by it—is a weariness, an agony of the flesh to those who feel deeply about such matters. How could it be otherwise? The work is produced at a cheap rate by using the commonest of glass and by using up the same old weary, dreary cartoons again and again. They are photographed up for a big window and down for a little one, and so it sometimes goes on from generation to generation; for as the tombstone says: "Resigned unto the Heavenly Will, the sons keep on the business still," and so the old nauseating output continues.

The first thing that should be felt in looking at a window is not that it is a picture, but that it is a window and not of dull obscure glass, but of glass that sings and sparkles and

vibrates with pure and gleaming colour. Look again, go on looking, and you become aware of the form of saint or angel, of prophet, priest or king, or perhaps of one of these legends, old yet ever new, whose immortal tenderness so quickens for us the faith which our fathers held and have handed on. The simpler the colour, the more successful the result. The modern worker rarely has the courage to limit himself to a simple enough plan of colour, for in glass, as in every other form of art, it is almost more important to know what to leave out than what to put in; "a marvellous tact of omission" is a quality always to be sought after. Some of the most beautiful mediæval windows in existence—such as the north clerestory windows of St. Martin's, Coney Street, York, have hardly any colour. Here each light of the many mullioned windows contains in pale luminous tones of clear or almost clear glass, a figure of a saint or evangelist with

appropriate emblem and here and there a touch of ruby or emerald or sapphire, the effect remaining that of a pale translucent, glimmering thing, whose loveliness by its very simplicity holds the spectator spellbound.

Is not this what we should wish our memorial windows to be—things of clear and shining beauty which gather and transmit to us with a new loveliness and a new meaning the gracious light of day, Heaven's gift to Earth? And will not our windows thus become types and symbols of the memory of those who, having made the extreme sacrifice, are still a living influence of beauty in our lives, drawing our eyes toward the Fount of everlasting light?

* Anyone who wishes to pursue the technique of the subject further should read Mr. Christopher Whall's "Stained Glass Work" (John Hogg), a book whose engaging human qualities and delicate humour make it much more than a mere technical handbook.

IN THE GARDEN.



IRIS SIBIRICA ON THE EDGE OF A SHELTERED LAKE.

PLANTS FOR THE WATER EDGE.

EVERYONE who has been on a walking or boating tour along the upper reaches of the Thames—say, for instance, from Wallingford to Lechlade—knows the great beauty of our native waterside flowers. It may be we have passed a spot by the riverside a thousand times without paying any special attention to it, when one day a picture perfect in harmony comes into view. *Rosa arvensis*, with long, overhanging branches almost touching the gently flowing stream, is smothered with pale single Roses; the yellow Flag Iris (*I. Pseudacorus*) is at its best, and around its leaves may be seen the bright blue Water Forget-me-not (*Myosotis palustris*) and the flimsy pink petals of the Ragged Robin, Wild Williams or the Meadow Pink (*Lychnis Flos-cuculi*). We see these wild flowers "with a child's first pleasure," as Wordsworth saw the Daffodils by the lakeside.

The Upper Thames, which flows through secluded country, is full of interesting waterside plants, although not remarkable for any very rare species. One of the most interesting is the Snake's-head Lily (*Fritillaria Meleagris*), or Toad's Head, as it is known in Wiltshire. It occurs in damp meadows around Oxford, and again between Coleshill and Lechlade, where the river for a short space is bordered with *Ribes nigrum*. *Fritillaria Meleagris* is not the easiest of plants to cultivate. Like British Orchids, some people find them almost impossible. The bulbs may be lifted and planted now, but what is of vital importance is that the bulbs should be planted without delay, for if allowed to get dry they are apt to lose their vitality. Where it is impossible to plant at once, they should be kept in sand or fibre.

Under Wytham Woods the meadows are marshy, and here and there occur the Buckbean (*Menyanthes trifoliata*),

Thalictrum flavum, *Orchis latifolia* and the blue-flowered *Geranium pratense*. Other Thames-side flowers in this neighbourhood are *Epilobium hirsutum*, *E. parviflorum*, the Purple Loosestrife (*Lythrum Salicaria*), *Caltha palustris* or Marsh Marigold, Skull-cap or Hedge Hyssop (*Scutellaria galericulata*), the Water Mint (*Mentha aquatica*), Yellow Loosestrife (*Lysimachia vulgaris*), Money-wort or Creeping Jenny (*L. Nummularia*), Guelder Rose or Water Elder (*Viburnum Opulus*), now showing rich crimson and purple foliage, and shining, half transparent berries; the Flowering Rush (*Butomus umbellatus*) in shallow waters; the Arrow-head (*Sagittaria sagittæfolia*), the Water Plantain (*Alisma Plantago aquatica*), the Water Violet (*Hottonia palustris*) in soft mud banks and submerged in water; that graceful Sedge, *Carex pendula*; the Marsh Horsetail (*Equisetum palustre*) and the Great Horsetail (*E. maximum*), most beautiful relics of a bygone flora; Marsh Helleborine (*Epipactis palustris*), the Grass of Parnassus (*Parnassia palustris*) in marshy places and bogs; the Bitter Cress (*Cardamine amara*), and the Cuckoo Flower or Lady's Smock (*Cardamine pratensis*). The latter, curiously enough, rarely produces seed, but is increased by its leaflets, which are carried about the meadows during flood-time and root in the muddy soil on the sinking of the water. The double-flowered form is not uncommon in the wild state. In the deeper backwaters the Water Lily is common, as is also *Nymphæa lutea*.

Many plants, although not natives, have become naturalised by the side of many streams in England, such as, for example, the Yellow Mimulus (*M. luteus*) and the two Balsams or Touch-me-nots, *Impatiens Noli-me-tangere* and *I. fulva*. These, like our true natives, the Purple Loosestrife, Willow Herb and Water Forget-me-not, are all quite easily raised from seed, and it is only necessary to plant the seedlings in muddy soil at the water

edge, when they will soon establish themselves and spread along the banks of streams or lakes. Plants like the Royal Fern (*Osmunda regalis*), double-flowered Meadow-sweet (*Spiraea Ulmaria flore pleno*), and the double-flowered Arrow-head (*Sagittaria sagittæfolia flore pleno*) are increased by division of the roots, and they may either be planted now or in March.

Iris sibirica, with lilac purple or bluish flowers, makes a delightful show in early June if planted about the margins of lakes, ponds or streams. When the clumps become overgrown

they are easily put right by dividing them up into smaller sections as soon as the flowers fade. *I. lævigata*, a beautiful Iris of Japan in rich and varied colours, requires special treatment. In Japan it is grown in ricefields, which are heavily manured in winter when dry, and flooded by irrigation in the summer, when the Irises are about 2in. under water. In this country they are best planted in small mounds which are dry in winter and submerged in summer, although at Wisley they are grown most successfully without any special winter treatment. C. Q.

WHAT STAFFORDSHIRE HAS DONE FOR THE WAR.—I.

STAFFORDSHIRE counts among her sons two distinguished soldiers who have won fresh laurels in the war. One is Major-General Congreve, V.C., of Congreve and Chartley, who commanded the 18th Brigade at the battle of the Aisne and is now in command of a division; the other, Sir Philip Chetwode of Oakley on the Shropshire border, whose father, Colonel Sir George Chetwode, served with the 8th Hussars in the Crimean war. General Congreve served his regimental life in the Rifle Brigade. His V.C. was won at Colenso in 1899, when he was



MAJOR-GENERAL CONGREGVE, V.C.
Who commanded the 18th Brigade at the Aisne,
and now commands a division.

"to see most things that go on, as our work is always near the general. I think he is a marvellous man. I have watched him calmly smoking a cigarette when shells have been dropping all over the place, and we have been in a few tight corners, I can tell you. He is always smoking a cigarette and he lights one from another. I think that if all the German army were firing at him he would carry on as usual, smoking a cigarette and giving his orders as if he were in his club. . . . He has no fear whatever, and it makes a lot of difference to the men. They all say they would follow him everywhere."

But there are very few Staffordshire families which are not represented in the Services. In the roll of honour and of services are to be found the names of the Ansons, the Pagets, the Seckhams, the Littletons, the Moncktons, the Morleys and the Bridgmans—to name but a few of the Staffordshire families—but the heaviest toll has been taken from the de Trafford family. All the five sons of the late Mr. Augustus de Trafford of Haselour Hall have

taken or are taking part in the war. Captain Oswald de Trafford of the South Staffords is a prisoner at Crefeld, and Captain T. C. de Trafford of the Royal Fusiliers has been reported wounded and missing since November. The Rev. R. de Trafford is a Lieutenant in the Officers Training Corps; Lieutenant Edward de Trafford is with the South Staffords in France and Mr. Herman de Trafford joined the Canadian contingent as a private. The eldest son Captain Henry Joseph de Trafford of the 3rd South Staffords has fallen in the recent heavy fighting in September. He met his death leading an attack on the Germans, and when wounded his last words to his men were, "get along and don't mind me." His loss was a heavy one to the regiment, in which he was among the best of regimental officers. "Nothing seemed to tire him," wrote his commanding officer of him, "nor was he ever depressed by reverses or long and arduous days and nights of fighting and marching. You had only to tell him what you wanted done and you could rely on him getting it done," a brief sketch of the finest type of English officer.

Lord Anglesey and his brother, Lord Victor Paget, whose great-grandfather won his title on the field of Waterloo, rejoined their regiment, the Blues, the day that war was declared, and served in Flanders until they were both invalided home in November. Lord Victor Paget, who has been serving with his regiment in England, has now a staff appointment in the Dardanelles; and Lord Anglesea has been on Sir John Maxwell's staff in Egypt, except for two months, when he served on Sir William Birdwood's staff at Gallipoli. Captain Rowland Paget, son of the late Lord Berkeley Paget, is with the Royal Canadians. Lord Dartmouth's eldest son, Lord

Lewisham, is a major in the Staffordshire Yeomanry, the Hon. H. Legge is a lieutenant on the Leviathan, and the Hon. Gerald Legge, sportsman and traveller, has fallen in action at Suvla Bay while serving with the 7th South Staffords. Lord Lichfield's eldest son, Lord Anson, is captain in the 5th London Regiment, and



MAJ-GEN. SIR PHILIP CHETWODE, D.S.O.
Who commanded the 5th Cavalry Brigade and broke the
German cavalry at Le Cateau.



LORD ANGLESEY.

Who served in Flanders and Gallipoli. Now in Egypt.

Anson is serving with the Brecknockshire Battalion of the South Wales Borderers. The Hon. George Anson's sons are serving, Mr. John George as lieutenant in the 3rd North Midland Brigade, and Mr. Claud Ronald (who has been twice wounded) as lieutenant in the same brigade. Of the Hon. Frederick Anson's sons, Mr. Ernauld Henry Anson is in the 3rd County of London Yeomanry, and Mr. Arthur Anson, a lieutenant in the Grenadier Guards, was killed in action this October, and his twin brother, Mr. Eric Anson, who was also lieutenant in the Grenadier Guards, has been wounded. Of the Hon. Francis Anson's sons, Mr. Thomas George Anson is a lieutenant in the 7th Dragoon Guards, Mr. Henry Adelbert Anson is second-lieutenant in the Brecknockshire battalion of the South Wales Borderers, and Mr. William Anson, second-lieutenant in the 18th Lancers.

Lord Bradford is a major in The Royal Scots, and of his brothers, Captain the Hon. Henry Scidman is serving with the Royal Field Artillery, and Commander the Hon. Richard Bridgman is in the Navy. Lord Bagot's brother, Major the Hon. W. L. Bagot, who was in the Reserve of Officers, is an aide-de-camp on the personal staff; and Lord Wrottesley's brother, the Hon. Walter Wrottesley, is a private in the Army Medical Corps. Lord Hatherton's son, Captain the Hon. Charles Littleton, is in the 2/7th Middlesex Regiment, and another son, Captain the

his youngest son, the Hon. Rupert Anson, a lieutenant in the 7th Royal Fusiliers, is an aide-de-camp on the personal staff in France. Of Lord Lichfield's brothers, Lieutenant-Colonel the Hon. George Anson, Chief Constable of the County, rejoined his old regiment, the Royal Artillery, and is now in command of the 3rd North Midland Brigade; the Hon. Alfred Anson is a captain in the Sussex Yeomanry; the Hon. Francis

Hon. W. H. Littleton, of the 3rd Battalion of the North Staffordshires, who has been in the trenches for a year in Flanders, is attached to the 1st Lincolns. Lord Hatherton's nephew, Mr. Josceline William Littleton, is in the Royal Field Artillery, and another nephew, Mr. Richard Charles Littleton, in the Navy, and Mr. Cecil Francis Littleton has a commission in the London Scottish. Lord Harrowby's only son, Lord Sandon, who is

a lieutenant in the 6th Staffordshire Battery of the 3rd North Midland Brigade, has been severely wounded in the recent fighting; and his brother, Captain the Hon. R. N. Dudley-Ryder, is in the Royal Irish Hussars. The Hon. A. D. Ryder's son is a midshipman on the *Centurion*, and the Hon. E. D. Ryder's son a second-lieutenant in the 5th Staffordshire Battery of the 3rd North Midland Brigade. Lord Stafford's brother, Captain the Hon. E. S. Fitzherbert, has recently been promoted to the rank of rear-admiral, and Major Lord Shrewsbury is attached to the General Staff at Liverpool.

From the central region of the county, where the Congreves claim to have been associated since the Conquest with the place whose name they bear, Major-General Walter N. Congreve's sons are both serving: Captain William La Touche Congreve of the Rifle Brigade as a general staff officer, and Mr. Geoffrey Congreve as a midshipman on the *Benbow*. A nephew, Captain Charles Ralph Congreve, has won the D.S.O. for saving the life of Captain Wallace under heavy fire. Sir Charles Wolseley's eldest son, Mr. Edric Wolseley, is in the Staffordshire Yeomanry, the second, Mr. William Wolseley, is in the Censor's Department at Boulogne, and a nephew, Captain Edward Wolseley, in the East Lancashire Regiment; and Mr. C. E. Morris-Eyton's eldest son is a second-lieutenant in the 1st Staffordshire Battery of the 2nd North Midland Brigade.



LORD VICTOR PAGET.

Who has a staff appointment in the Dardanelles.



CAPT. T. C. DE TRAFFORD.

Wounded and missing.



CAPT. HENRY DE TRAFFORD.

Killed in action, September 25th.



LIEUT. EDWARD DE TRAFFORD.

Serving in France.



LORD SANDON.

Who has been severely wounded.

CAPT. L. HARDY, M.C.

Wounded, and mentioned in despatches.

LT.-COL. THE HON. GEORGE ANSON, M.V.O.

In Command of the 3rd North Midland Brigade.

Captain G. E. M. Thorneycroft, only son of Mr. George Thorneycroft of Dunston Hall, is Adjutant to the Berkshire Yeomanry, and Second-Lieutenant L. H. Hughes, son of Mr. A. E. Hughes of Brocton Warren, is with the 1st North Staffordshire Regiment at the front. Many members of the Philips family of Heybridge are serving, among them Brigadier-General Lewis F. Philips, son of the late Mr. J. W. Philips of Heybridge, and Mr. Humphrey B. Philips, son of Mr. William Morton Philips, who is a second-lieutenant in the 5th Battalion of the King's Royal Rifles.

Near Burton-on-Trent Sir Reginald Hardy of Dunstall Hall has three sons with the Colours: Major Bertram Hardy in the Staffordshire Yeomanry, Captain Eric John Hardy in the Scots Greys, and Captain Leonard Hardy, who was wounded at Ypres in the autumn, and mentioned in despatches, receiving also the Military Cross. Sir William Bass has joined the 11th Reserve Regiment of Cavalry, and Lieutenant-Colonel R. Fowler Butler, only son of Major-General Fowler Butler of Pendeford and Burton Hall, is in command of the 1st Royal Fusiliers. Many of the Mosley family are with the Colours, among them, Captain Sir Oswald Mosley of Rolleston, who is in the Derbyshire Yeomanry, and Lieutenant Oswald Ernald Mosley, who is in the 16th Lancers. Captain Nicholas Mosley of the 2nd North Staffordshires, son of Mr. Tonman

Mosley, who was wounded in France while with the 5th Sherwood Foresters, and had a fine record of active service, died lately of wounds. Mr. Alwynne Franklyn, only son of Mr. Holland Franklyn of Longcroft Hall, who was formerly in the Staffordshire Yeomanry, joined the 11th Reserve Regiment of Cavalry, and has been serving at the front as second-lieutenant, attached to the 10th Hussars

Near Uttoxeter three sons of Sir Arthur Heywood are serving, the eldest, Major Graham Percival Heywood, in the Staffordshire Yeomanry, Captain Cecil Heywood in the Coldstream Guards, and Lieutenant Arthur G. P. Heywood in the 6th Manchesters; while Lieutenant-Colonel Gerald G. P. Heywood, son of the late Sir Percival Heywood, is in command of the 6th Manchesters. Lieutenant H. J. Bamford, son of Mr. John Bamford of Oldfields Hall, is with the 6th Staffordshire Battery, and Captain Haughton Okeover of Okeover is in the 6th Sherwood Foresters. Major Henry Finch Dawson, son of Mr. A. F. Dawson of Barrow Hill, is staff captain to the Adjutant-General of the Forces.

In the Leek district, Captain Thomas Humphrey Sneyd of the Lancashire Fusiliers, only son of Major-General Sneyd of Ashcombe Park, has been killed in action; two of Major-General Sneyd's nephews are serving, Commander Ralph S. Sneyd, in the Cameroons, and Lieutenant R. Sneyd, who volunteered from the Indian Civil Service. Captain Dryden Sneyd, son of the late Mr. James Sneyd is in the Royal Garrison Artillery. Sir Arthur Nicholson's son, Captain A. Falkner Nicholson, is with the 3rd Staffordshire Battery; Lieutenant Basil Nicholson, who was with his brother, was killed in action in July. Near the Cheshire border, Sir Philip Brocklehurst, who was in the

Derbyshire Yeomanry, is attached to the 1st Life Guards, and his brother, Captain Henry Courtney Brocklehurst, is in the 10th Hussars; and Sir James Heath's son, Lieutenant Percy Voltelin Heath of the Blues, has fallen in action. Sir Hill Child of Stallington is in command of the 2nd North Midland Brigade of Field Artillery, and Captain C. F. Bill, eldest son of Colonel Bill of Farley Hall, is with the 4th North Staffordshires. M. J.

(To be continued.)

CAPT. WILLIAM LA TOUCHE CONGREVE.

Who is a General Staff Officer.

MR. GEOFFREY CONGREVE, R.N.

A midshipman on the Bentow.



SERIOUS and solid is the aspect of the eighteenth century castle of Mellerstain, for, eschewing turrets and all the customary features of defence to which time has lent an air of romance, it stands drawn up in the regular square lined masses of a Puritan army. Something much gayer and more domestic had been begun half a century before. September 11th, 1725, is cut on the foundation plinth of the two storied wing on the left hand of the forecourt. The famous Lady Grizel Baillie, whose portrait is in the house, signed "Mrs. Varelst. P. 1725," thus inaugurated a great scheme of a centre block and two wings connected in the usual manner of the time by low corridors. Some drawings preserved in the house give us the design of this early Georgian centre block, which was not destined to be carried out. Her daughter, Grisel Lady Murray of Stanhope, succeeded, and at her death the property passed to her sister Rachel Lady Binning, whose second son, George, ultimately succeeded and assumed the name of Baillie.

The Earls of Haddington, though of long descent, are not the senior branch of the great house of Hamilton. A characteristic utterance by King James VI of Scotland and I of England, "The Lord haud a grip o' me. If Tam of Cowgate's son marry Jock o' Sclate's dochter, what's to come o' me," testifies to the position of the family in 1622 when Thomas the second Earl married Catherine, fourth daughter of John Earl of Mar, the Lord Treasurer, who gave her a dowry of 20,000 merks. The Earl was at the funeral of James in 1625, and at the coronation of Charles I was a bearer of the royal canopy. At the outbreak of the Civil War in 1640 he was major-general in the Lothians, and by an unexplained explosion at Dunglass Castle, his headquarters, he with his two brothers and other relations were all blown up.

John, the fourth Earl, born in 1626, was lame and had no part in the war, but for being present at the coronation of Charles II at Scone in 1651 he was fined £555 11s. 8d. by Cromwell. As he lived to 1669 he had the satisfaction of seeing Charles well established after all on his throne.

Tree-planting was the forte of the sixth Earl, as the 800 acres of "Binning Wood" testify. He joined with Argyll in the effecting of the Union, and as a volunteer in 1715 he was wounded at Sheriffmuir. He had been left a minor at the age of five and married at sixteen his cousin Helen Hope who was eighteen, and left four children. Charles Lord Binning, the eldest, was possessed of a great ability and had a taste for literature. From a letter of his to the Earl of Stair, written from Naples in February, 1732, we learn how bravely he was fighting against the consumptive weakness of which he died three years later. "I revived a little for the week I was at Rome, indulging in my building inclinations; but it was false fire for I was just where I was when I set out for this place." The medicos of those days prescribed forty days indoors and a course of antimony, a regimen sufficiently trying for a man of his active interests. He was the author of several short pieces of poetry, and there is a Scotch song, "Lord Binning," in which he is commemorated as *Emilius*:

Some cry up little Hindy for this thing and that,
And others James Dalrymple, though he be somewhat fat,
But of all the pretty gentlemen of whom the town do tell,
Emilius, *Emilius* he bears away the bell.



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THE DINING-ROOM.

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He had married in 1720 Rachel, younger daughter and ultimate heiress of George Baillie of Jerviswood. She survived him by forty years, dying at Mellerstain in March, 1773. His eldest son, Thomas, succeeded as seventh Earl of Haddington. The younger son, George of Jerviswood, was educated with his brother at Oxford. He succeeded on the death of his aunt Grisell (Lady Murray of Stanhope) in 1759 to the estates of George Baillie of Jerviswood and Mellerstain, and thereupon

assumed the name of Baillie. He married that same year Elizabeth, daughter of John Andrews, and he died in 1797



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DINING-ROOM FIREPLACE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

aged seventy-four. It is to him that the main building of the house is due. He may have begun the work a year or two before the year 1770, which is the earliest date of any of the Adam ceiling drawings just as 1778 is the latest. He did not continue his Lady Grisell's plans, but was content to incorporate the wings, which she had founded in 1725, in his castle building scheme.

With his elder brother, the seventh Earl Haddington, he had travelled and had been a

resident at Rome and Geneva where they belonged to a literary circle. He returned to Scotland in 1744.



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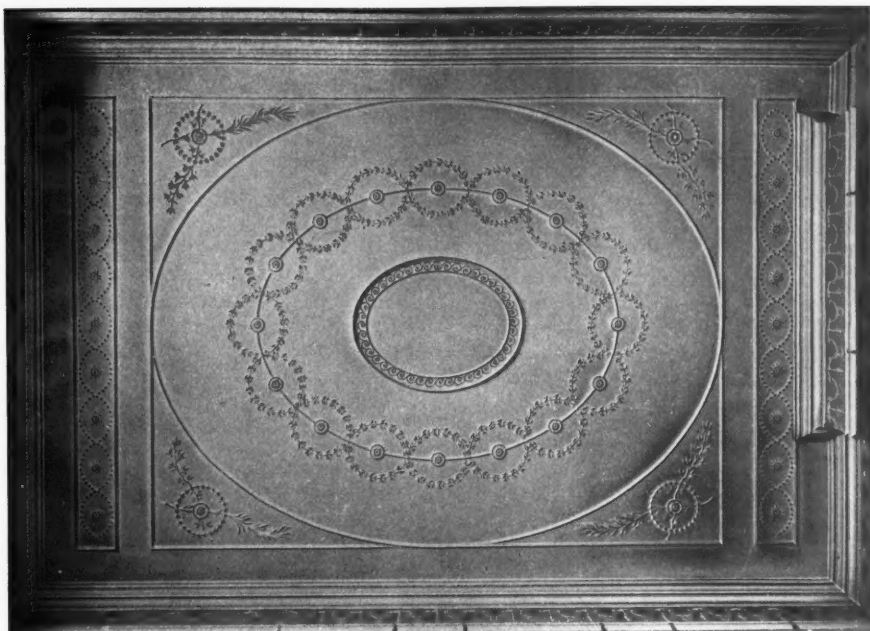
The wings of Mellerstain as built by Lady Grisell in 1725 and now incorporated in the Georgian castle of half a century later were houses in themselves. The left hand or private block is particularly interesting as a specimen of a small Scottish house of the earlier epoch. They are said to be the work of William Adam senior, but the design is not included in the great but probably incomplete collection known as *Vitruvius Scoticus*. The effect of the present centre is crushing on these wings, which in themselves are pleasant with their wide spaced windows, solid dressings and satisfying surface of rough cast. The centre block, as intended by Lady Grisell Baillie's scheme, had a pediment and sundry frivolous swags, the design partaking of the geniality associated with the immediate school of Wren.

William Adam himself enjoyed a good position in Edinburgh, and in 1737 took part in the foundation of the "Society for Improving Arts and Sciences, particularly Natural Knowledge," of which he was a member. In 1739 he was directing the cutting of a tunnel of considerable extent through the great bank on which the village of Inveresk stands with the object of draining the coalfield at Pinkie. Apparently William Adam senior had also important contracts for the Government in connection with the building of forts in the Highlands. On Fort George (1749-59) on Murray Forth, Inverness, an immense sum—£106,000 being the original estimate—was spent under General Skinner, Chief Engineer for Great Britain (died 1807). General Wolfe saw and praised the works. Paul and Thomas Sandby were employed on the survey for General Wade's road through the Highlands after the rising of 1745. In a letter from William Adam junior to James Adam, written while the latter was in Italy in 1760, there is a reference to sums due to the eldest brother, John, from the Ordnance.

Robert Adam claims, with apparent justice, in his prefaces that his studies of the antique were pursued at greater labour and expense than those of any other student of his time. The collections that he and James formed of antiques of all kinds as well as of costly books and artistic objects prove that, apart from the very serious outlay of their prolonged travels, William Adam's sons were able and willing to stake large sums on their ultimate success in architecture.

The inexplicable character of genius is so unacceptable to most of us that we are never tired of attempting some explanation of the riddle. The many reams that are written, and the great researches pursued into origins are satisfactory up to the point of transition, the border line that separates the best ordinary from the extraordinary.

The importance to be attached to heredity is quite as



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STUDY CEILING.

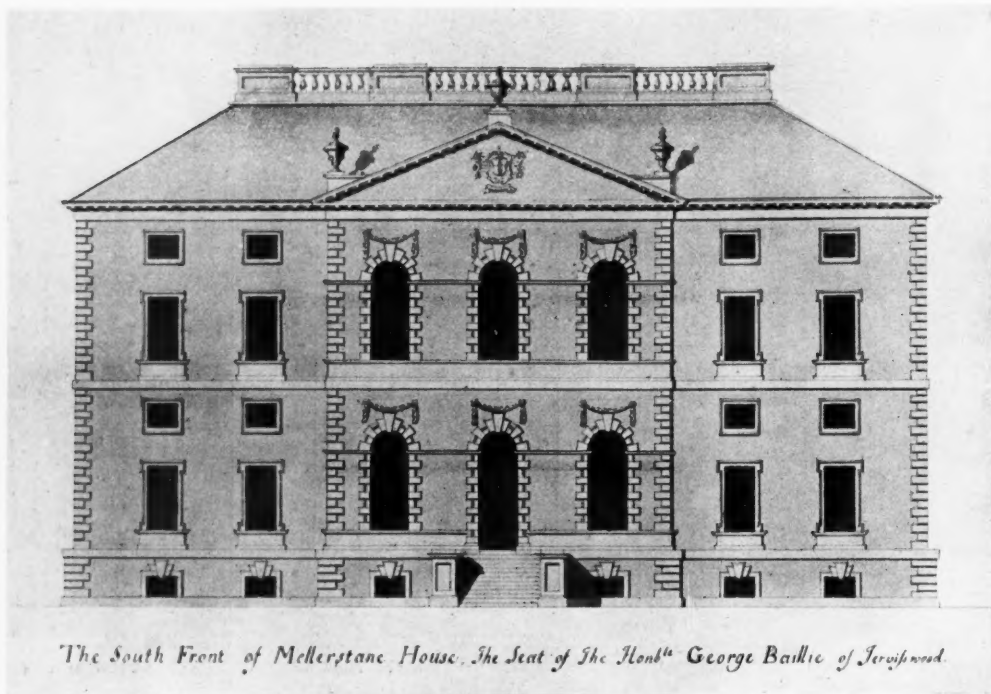
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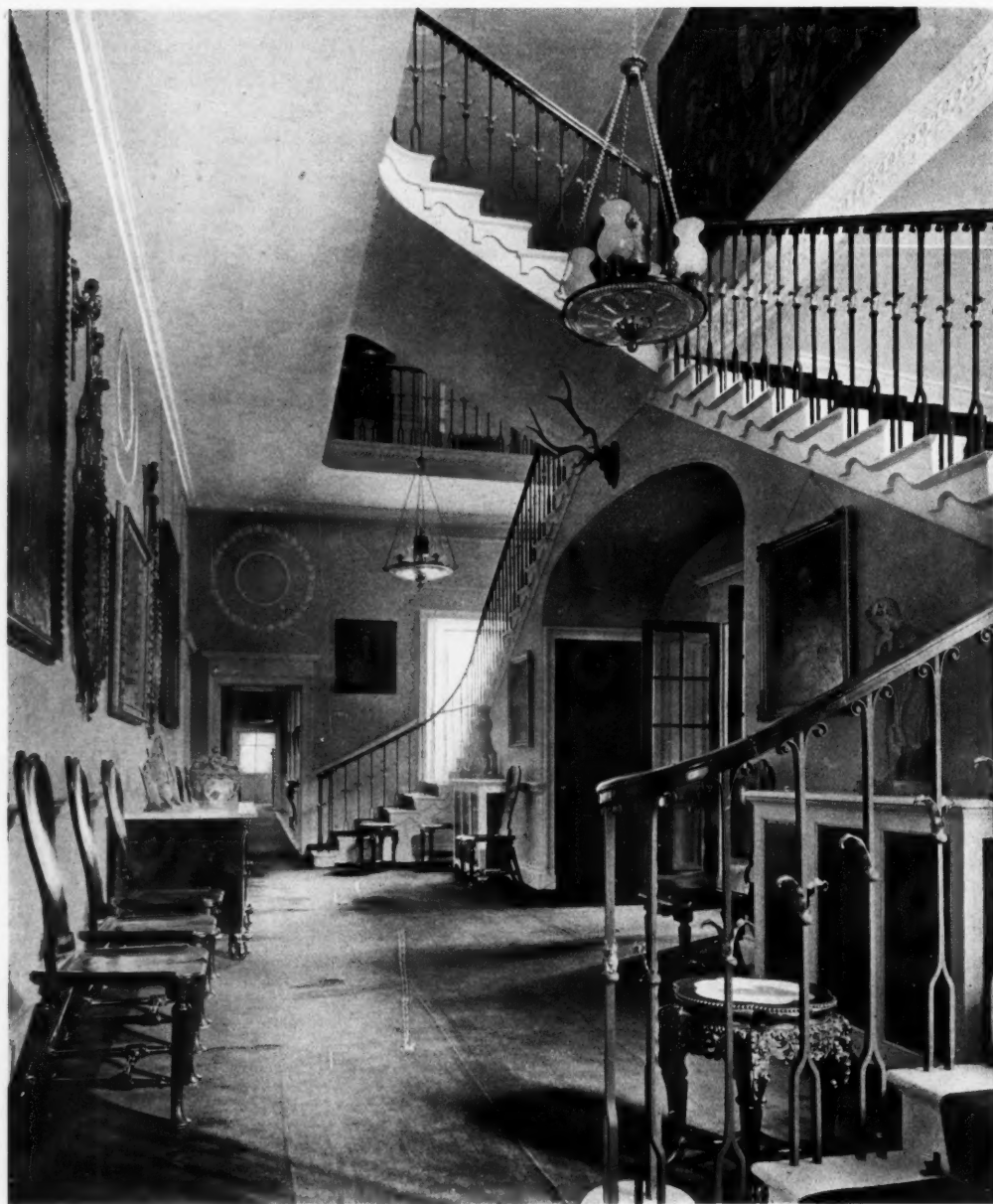
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ORIGINAL DESIGN (NOT CARRIED OUT).



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THE STAIRCASE HALL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

great a problem in architecture as in other artistic gifts. Instances for and against can be quoted, leaving only an inconclusive result or mere impression that it is more a matter of the early surroundings and influence than the actual transmission of the gift itself. On the face of it there is nothing in the work of William Adam senior (1688—1748), in the main thorough, sound and traditional, that accounts for the brilliant gifts of his second son Robert. There is nothing to show that, apart from the stimulus of his brilliant gift, any one of the other three sons, John, James or William, would have reached a higher, if as good, level of achievement as their father.

Thus, although Robert (1728—1792) was only the second of four sons, he must early by natural gifts and character have been marked out as the born leader and mainspring of the group.

When building was resumed at Mellerstane half a century after Lady Grisel had finished, a change had come over the scene. Gray and Walpole had stirred the romantic current below the still surface of the century. Ossianism had provoked the wrath of Johnson and the way was being blazed for the Wizard of the North. To be on the border implied that a design "in the castle style" must accompany and supersede the customary classic, at all events for the exterior. The sash window, however, was not yet an accursed thing, and no one proposed to abandon as yet the finish and decoration to which all were accustomed. Such were the conditions that underlay the design of Mellerstane, with the further factor that George Baillie of Jerviswood very probably sketched out the scheme himself, if we are to take that as the meaning of the

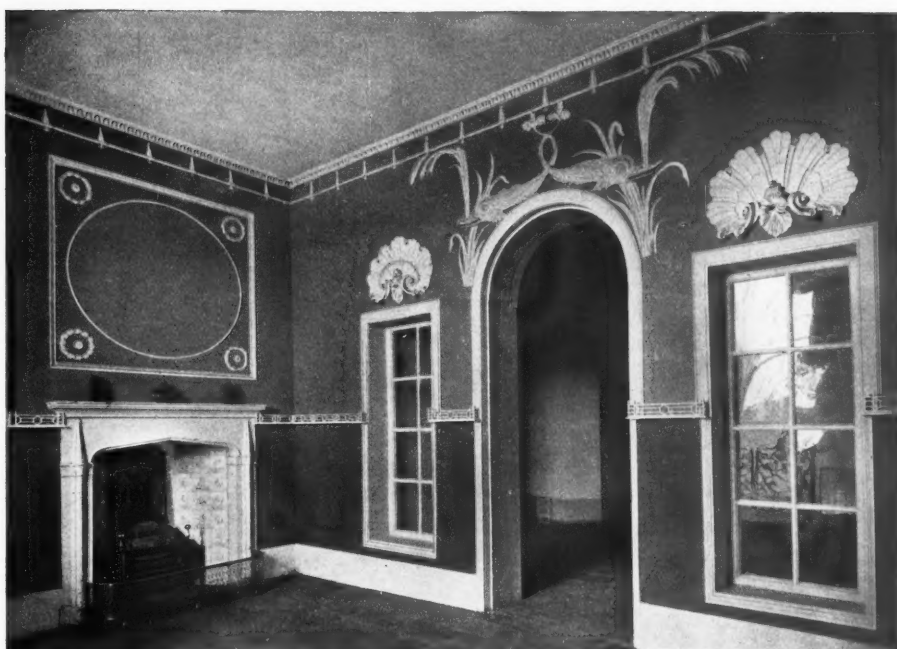
initials G. B. in the corner of the drawings preserved in the house. The inscription on one of them, R. Adam, Architect, does not appear to be a signature.

The general drawings appear to have been made locally and to have been sent up to London, as they are not in the usual manner of the Adelphi office. There is, further, in the interior an absence of detail characteristic of Robert Adam, no matter what the style of the building might be. What is characteristically Adam is the block outline, that is, the bold projection of the centre on the north front and the contrasting flat continuity of outline of the southern façade. This trait appears in several of Robert Adam's house-building and other plans, and dates from the commencement of his career. The local stone, a thin coursed rubble, of which the house is built, is a fine material in itself and pleasantly yellow in tone. A fine free-stone was brought and worked on the spot for the great garden terraces and balustradings which Mr. Reginald Blomfield, R.A., has recently laid out for Lord and Lady Binning.

Previous to this the house merely stood on the slope of the site, which falls rapidly down to the beautiful, if small, lake at the foot of the hill, where it is surrounded by dense masses of trees. The new garden scheme extends down to the water. Beyond to the left is the walled garden bounded at the lower edge by the stream that finds its way through the wood. The sheltered position is very favourable and the spot is most attractive. The ground rises again on the other side closely wooded, and a high road threads its way through and up the opposing slope. At Mellerstain the interiors are large, spacious and reasonable in point of height. The arrangement could hardly be simpler, and no climax is aimed at other than that the library by its greater length and by its fitting up has been made the principal room. The detail of the planning of the house is not characteristic of Robert Adam and shows none of his finesse.

The actual interiors of the chief rooms and especially their ceilings are, however, quite characteristic, and the gallery at the top of the house is a fine apartment with its end colonnades and great vault.

The house is entered by a new doorway replacing the bare opening of the original. The hall has apsidal ends



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AN ADAM BATHROOM.

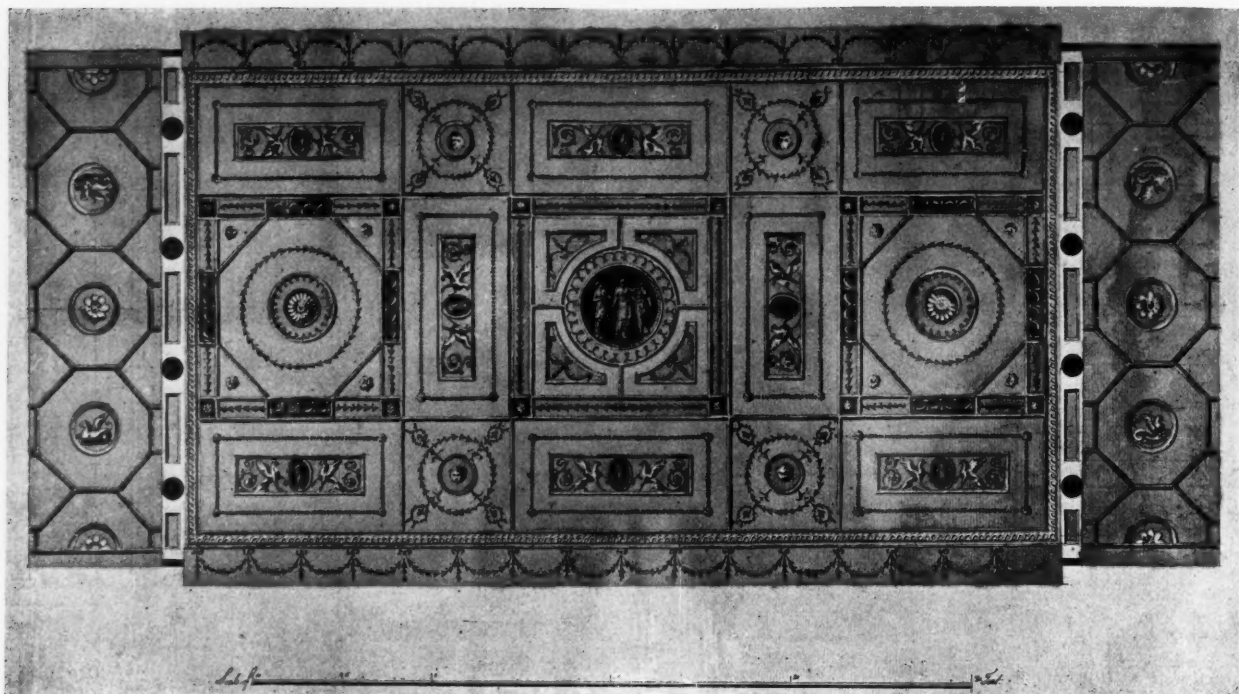
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ADAM'S UNEXECUTED DESIGN FOR GALLERY CEILING.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

with an elaborated ceiling. It opens to an inner staircase hall, long and narrow, with a double ascent that unites and reaches the first floor landing by a single flight. Long barrel vaulted corridors lead from this inner hall to the main rooms which form the long line of the garden front. The left hand corridor has a ceiling intersected over the windows which light it on the north side. The end room is marked on the old plan as a breakfast-room and has also a ceiling of intersected circles in a "Gothick" manner. The adjacent

library, with its elaborate ceiling dated 1770 and its book-cases with a frieze panel over, is entirely Adam. The mantel-piece is in green and white marbles. This ceiling is considered to be the best in the house and one of R. Adam's masterpieces of decoration, and the design and plasterwork to be remarkably delicate and to resemble a piece of Wedgwood, being painted in those colours.

The dining-room in the centre of the garden front has a good ceiling, designed in September, 1773, in which eagles



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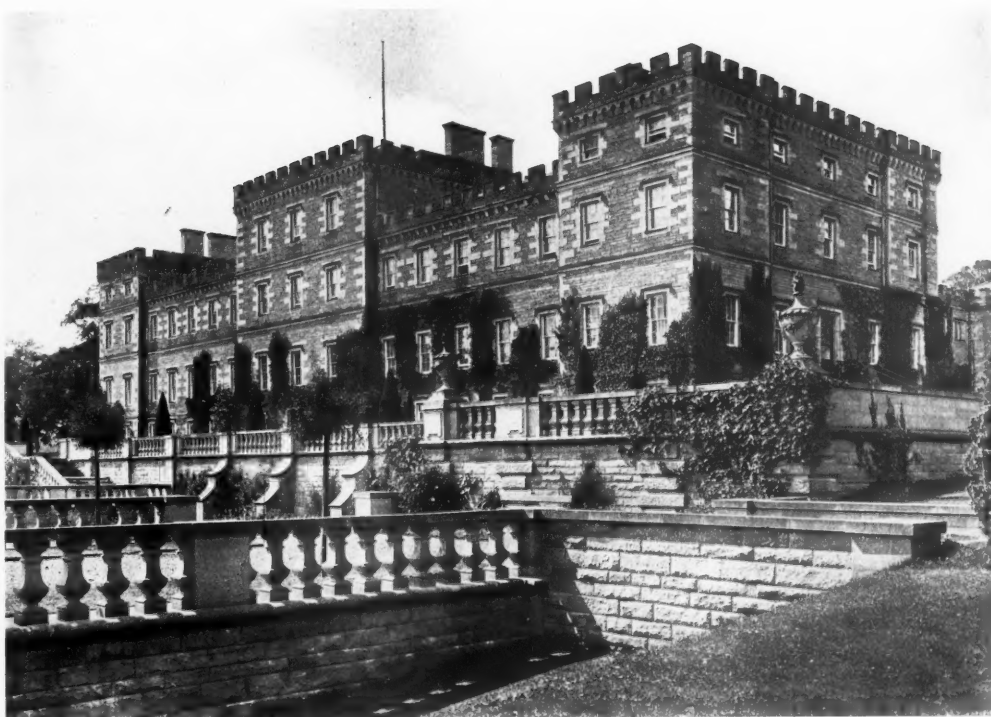
THE GREAT GALLERY.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

and sphinxes appear. There are six tables with marble tops, and a fine mantelpiece all in white marble. The panel subject is a man ploughing with two oxen, while War and Peace stand on pedestals decorated with garlands. There are good doorways with carved wood consoles and friezes. The drawing-room has a good ceiling based on an oval and ornamented with griffons and vases. Adam's design is dated March 5th, 1778.

The bedchamber, which adjoined, has a circle enclosing an octagon as the feature of its ceiling. This is now the billiard-room. The two small dressing-rooms adjacent are now united as a study, but the original and differing ceilings which remain are interesting. The friezes are also decorated with Robert Adam's elaborated patterns. The corridor by which we return to the staircase hall has a coved ceiling with crossed and intersected lines, as though to give the idea of a gothic vault. It is a very curious piece of plasterwork.

In the centre of the extensive basement below there is, under part of the dining-room, an interesting bath and dressing-room of a type which Adam planned for several houses at the time. They do not often remain and it is interesting to see one which has survived. It is a plain example, but has some dolphins to decorate the entrance from the dressing-room to the inner bath. At the top of the house, in the raised centre block of the façade, is the splendid gallery with a segmental barrel vault and end colonnades. This great ceiling is now plain, but the drawing for the intended decoration is preserved in the house, dated August 5th, 1775. The colouring is in shades of green. The frieze of tripods and vases has been executed, and the end spandrels are also



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GARDEN FRONT.

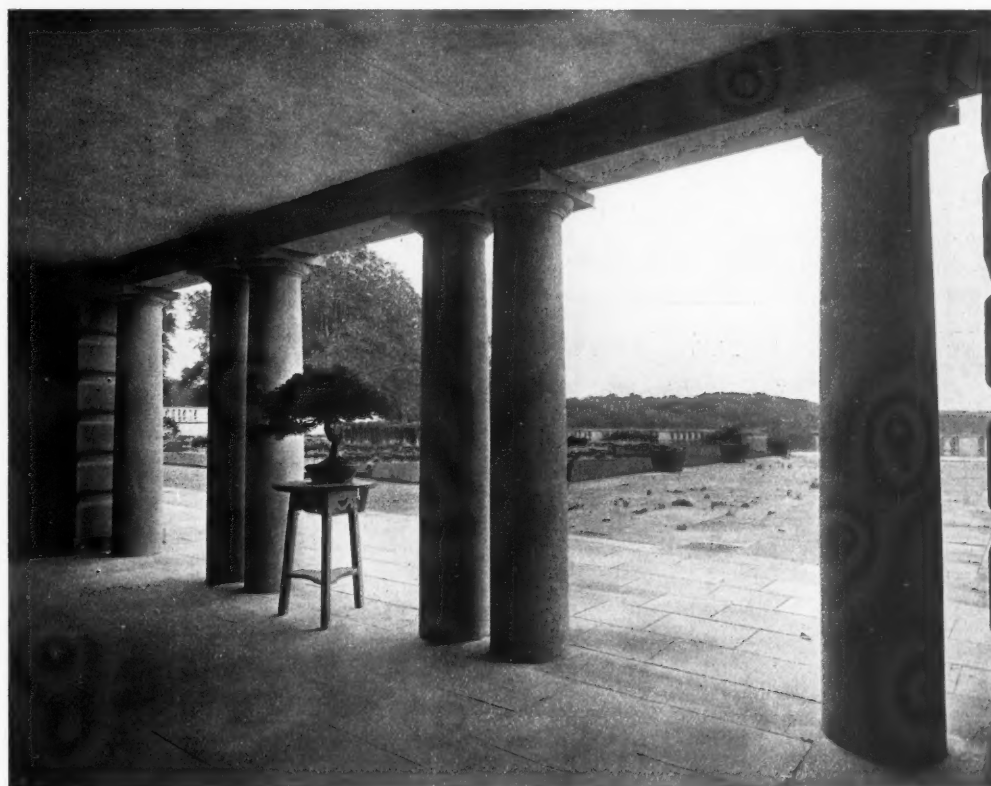
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ENTRANCE FRONT.

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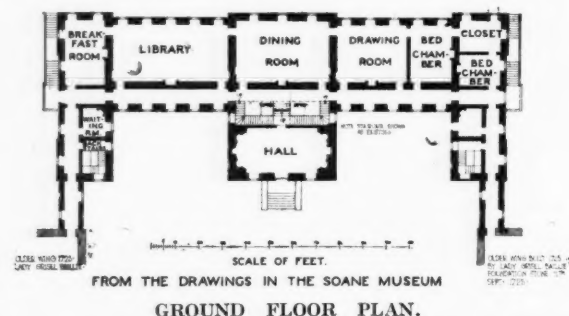
LOOKING OUT FROM NEW LOGGIA.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright IRON NEWEL AT MELLERSTAIN. "C.L."

decorated in a characteristic manner. A grandson of the builder of the Castle of Mellerstain succeeded in 1858, on the death of Thomas, ninth Earl of Haddington, his second cousin, as tenth Earl. In 1827 a peerage of



the United Kingdom was created, that of Baron Melrose of Tynningham. Lord Binning, son of the eleventh Earl, born in 1856, married in 1892 Katherine, only child of Mr. W. Severin Salting and niece of Mr. George Salting, most of whose priceless collections of artistic treasures was so generously given to the nation. ARTHUR T. BOLTON.

THE TOAD AS TRAVELLER.

By W. H. HUDSON.

ONE summer day I sat myself down on the rail of a small wooden footbridge—a very old bridge it looked, bleached to a pale grey colour with grey, green, and yellow lichen growing on it, and very creaky with age, but the rail was still strong enough to support my weight. The bridge was at the hedge side, and the stream under it flowed out of a thick wood over the road and into a marshy meadow on the other side, overgrown with coarse tussocky grass. It was a relief to be in that open sunny spot, with the sight of water and green grass and blue sky before me, after prowling for hours in the wood—a remnant of the old Silchester forest—worried by wood-flies in the dense undergrowth. These same wood-flies and some screaming jays were all the wild creatures I had seen, and I would now perhaps see something better at that spot.

It was very still, and for some time I saw nothing, until my wandering vision lighted on a toad travelling towards the water. He was right out in the middle of the road, a most dangerous place for him, and also difficult to travel in, seeing that it had a rough surface full of loosened stones and was very dusty.

His progress was very slow; he did not hop, but crawled laboriously for about five inches, then sat up and rested four or five minutes, then crawled and rested again. When I first caught sight of him he was about forty yards from the water, and looking at him through my binocular when he sat up and rested, I could see the pulsing movements of his throat as though he panted with fatigue, and the yellow eyes on the summit of his head gazing at that delicious coolness where he wished to be. If toads can see things forty yards away the stream was visible to him, as he was on that part of the road which sloped down to the stream.

Lucky for you, old toad, thought I, that it is not market day at Basingstoke or somewhere, with farmers and small general dealers flying about the country in their traps, or you would be flattened by a hoof or wheel long before the end of your pilgrimage.

By and by another creature appeared and caused me to forget the toad. A young water-vole came up stream, swimming briskly from the swampy meadow on the other side of the road. As he approached I tapped the wood with my stick to make him turn back, but this only made him swim faster towards me, and, determined to have my own way, I jumped down and tried to stop him, but he dived past the stick and got away where he wanted to be in the wood, and I resumed my seat.

There was the toad, when I looked his way, just about where I had last seen him, within perhaps a few inches. Then a turtle-dove flew down, alighting within a yard of the water, and after eyeing me suspiciously for a few moments advanced and took one long drink and flew away. A few minutes later I heard a faint complaining and whining sound in or close to the hedge on my left hand, and turning my eyes in that direction caught sight of a stoat, his head and neck visible, peeping at me out of the wood; he was intending to cross the road, and seeing me sitting there hesitated to do so. Still, having come that far he would not turn back, and by and by he drew himself snake-like out of the concealing herbage and was just about to make a dash across the road when I tapped sharply on the wood with my stick and he fled back into cover. In a few seconds he appeared again, and I played the same trick on him with the same result; this was repeated about four times, after which he plucked up courage enough to make his dash and was quickly lost in the coarse grass by the stream on the other side.

Then a curious thing happened: flop, flop, flop went vole following vole, escaping madly from their hiding-places along the bank into the water, all swimming for dear life to the other side of the stream. Their deadly enemy did not swim after them, and in a few seconds all was peace and quiet again.

And when I looked at the road again the toad was still there, still travelling, painfully crawling a few inches, then sitting up and gazing with his yellow eyes over the forty yards of that weary *via dolorosa* which still had to be got over before he could bathe and make himself young for ever in that river of life. Then all at once the feared and terrific thing came upon him: a farmer's trap, drawn by a fast trotting horse, suddenly appeared at the bend of the road and came flying down the slope. That's the end of you, old toad, said I, as the horse and trap came over him; but when I had seen them cross the ford and vanish from sight at the next bend, my eyes went back, and to my amazement there sat my toad, his throat still pulsing, his prominent eyes still gazing forward! The four dread hoofs and two shining wheels had all missed him; then at long last I took pity on him, although vexed at having to play providence to a toad, and getting off the rail I went and picked him up, which made him very angry. But when I put him in the water he expanded and floated for a few moments with legs spread out, then slowly sank his body and remained with just the top of his head and the open eyes above the surface for a little while, and finally settled down into the cooler depths below.

It is strange to think that when water would appear to be so much to these water-born and amphibious creatures they yet seek it for so short a period in each year, and for the rest of the time are practically without it! The toad comes to it in the love season, and at that time one is often astonished at the number of toads seen gathered in some solitary pool where, perhaps, not a toad has been seen for months past and with no other water for miles around. The fact is the solitary pool has drawn to itself the entire toad population of the surrounding country, which may comprise an area of several square miles. Each toad has his own home or hermitage somewhere in that area, where he spends the greater portion of the summer season practically without water excepting in wet weather, hiding by day in moist and shady places and issuing forth in the evening. And there too he hibernates in winter. When spring returns he sets out on his annual pilgrimage of a mile or two, or even a greater distance, travelling in the slow, deliberate manner of the one described, crawling and resting until he arrives at the sacred pool—his Tipperary. They arrive singly and are in hundreds, a gathering of hermits from the desert places, drunk with excitement and filling the place with noise and commotion. A strange sound, when at intervals the leader or precentor or bandmaster for the moment blows himself out into a wind instrument—a fairy bassoon, let us say, with a tremble to it—and no sooner does he begin than a hundred more join in; and the sound, which the scientific books describe as "croaking," floats far and wide and produces a beautiful, mysterious effect on a still evening when the last heavy-footed labourer has

trudged home to his tea, leaving the world to darkness and to me.

The music and revels over the toads vanish, each one taking his own road, long and hard to travel, to his own solitary home. Their homing instinct, like that of many fishes and of certain serpents that hibernate in numbers together, and of migrating birds, is practically infallible. They will not go astray, and the hungriest raptorial beasts, foxes, stoats, and cats, for example, decline to poison themselves by killing and devouring them.

In the late spring or early summer one occasionally encounters a traveller on his way back to his hermitage. I met one a mile or so from the valley of the Wylie, half way up a high down, with his face to the summit of Salisbury Plain. He was on the bank at the side of a deep narrow path, and was resting on the velvety green turf, gay with little flowers of the chalk hills—eye-bright, squinancy wort, daisies, and milkwort (white and blue).

The toad, as a rule, strikes one as rather an ugly creature, but this one sitting on the green turf, with those variously coloured fairy flowers all about him, looked almost beautiful. He was very dark, almost black, and with his shining topaz eyes had something of the appearance of a yellow-eyed black cat. I sat down by his side and picked him up, which action he appeared to regard as an unwarranted liberty on my part, but when I placed him on my knee and began stroking his blackish corrugated back with my finger-tips, his anger vanished and one could almost imagine his golden eyes and wide lipless mouth smiling with secret satisfaction.

A good many flies were moving about at that spot—a pretty fly whose name I do not know, a little bigger than a housefly, all a shining steel blue, with head and large eyes a bright red. These flies kept lighting on my hand, and by and by I cautiously moved a hand until a fly on it was within tongue-distance of the toad, whereupon the red tongue flicked out like lightning and the fly vanished. Again the process was repeated, and altogether I put over half a dozen flies in his way and they all vanished in the same manner, so quickly that the action eluded my sight. One movement and a blue

and red-headed fly was on my hand, sucking the moisture from the skin, and then lo! he was gone, while the toad still sat there motionless on my knee like a toad carved out of a piece of black stone with two round yellow gems for eyes.

After helping him to a dinner I took him from my knee with a little trouble, as he squatted close down, desiring to stay where he was, and putting him back among the small flowers to get more flies for himself if he could, I went on my way.

It is easy to establish friendly relations with these lowly creatures, amphibious and reptiles, by a few gentle strokes with the finger tips on the back. Shortly after my adventure with this toad I was visiting a naturalist friend who told me of an adventure he had had with a snake. He was out walking with his wife near his home among the Mendips when they spied the snake basking in the sun on the turf, and at the same moment the snake saw them and began quietly gliding away. But they succeeded in overtaking and capturing it, and, although it was a large snake and struggled violently to escape, they soon quieted it down by stroking its back with their fingers. They kept and played with it for half an hour, then put it down, whereupon it went away, but quite slowly, almost as if reluctant to leave them.

So far this was a common experience; I have tamed many grass-snakes in the same way, and the only smooth snake I have ever captured in England was made tame in about ten minutes by holding it on my knee and stroking it. In the instance related by my friend it would appear that the tameness does not always vanish as soon as the creature finds itself free again. About three days after the incident I have related he was again walking with his wife and they again found this snake at the same spot, whereupon he, anxious to capture it again, made a dash at it, but the snake on this occasion made no attempt to escape and when picked up did not struggle. They again kept it some time, caressing it with their fingers, then releasing it as before: later they saw their snake on several occasions, when it acted in the same way, allowing itself to be taken up and kept as long as it was wanted, and then, when released, going very slowly away.

LITERATURE.

A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

IT has been said that the world takes shape from the eyes through which it is seen, and this may be accepted as a cue to the *Memories of a Publisher 1865-1915*, which has been written by Mr. George Haven Putnam and published by the firm of which he is the head. It is a continuation of the *Memories of his youth* which brought the annals up to the year 1865. They are now brought up to date. The work is arranged according to an original method. It is largely concerned with American reminiscences, but contains also much about the author's English friends and acquaintances. He has gone about a great deal in society on this side of the Atlantic and noted us and our ways with very friendly, but very shrewd eyes. One of the most characteristic of his sayings is:

If it were only possible in going through the forest to know in advance which of the little trees years later were to become the big trees, life would be much more interesting, while the success of a publisher would be assured.

The occasion of which this was said was a chance meeting with a young author in the Savile Club. One winter night Mr. Putnam had come in shivering, to find that the fireplace was practically occupied by a tall Scot dressed in an exaggerated tweed suit and wearing a flannel travelling shirt, which produced an impression of affected roughness. He was relating to three or four other members some recent experiences in the mountains of the Cevennes where he had been travelling with a donkey of which he spoke with great affection as being, for chumming purposes, worth more than a dozen men. He was telling his story with such dramatic cleverness that the publisher almost forgot his grievance about the fire in the delight of listening, yet he did not recognise that this was going to be a great man whose name, Robert Louis Stevenson, was to echo over the whole world. Hence the little lament which we have quoted.

On other occasions Mr. Putnam shows himself possessed of a wonderful faculty for getting something characteristic from a celebrity in the course of a short conversation. For example, in the spring of 1910 he was a fellow passenger with Lord Kitchener on the White Star steamer *Oceanic*. His first impression is worth transcribing:

The figure was tall and the bearing erect and soldierly. The head was sturdy and rather bullet-shaped and the forehead was low. There was a slight divergence in the eyes, resulting in a sinister expression which doubtless

did injustice to the nature of the man. The general impression given by the face was, however, not only autocratic but suggestive of a capacity for bad temper. One felt that the General would be a bad man to "come up against" in a matter of discipline or even of opinion. He had gained the reputation of being a great organiser and a stern and exacting disciplinarian. He was also noted for his aversion to titled or labelled incapacity and to "flummery" of all kinds. He was for the great part of the time reticent, having no small talk and expressing no interest in the general subjects that came up from day to day.

On that occasion Lord Kitchener did not say much; he was, in fact, uncommonly silent until the ladies left the table; but on a subsequent evening he spoke very frankly to Mr. Putnam on the importance of war for the development and maintenance of character:

He could conceive of no power or factor that could replace war as an influence to preserve man from degeneracy. He did not lose sight of the miseries and the suffering resulting from war, but he believed that the loss to mankind would be far greater from the "rottenness" of a long peace. Speaking from recent experience, he pointed out that the princes and "gentle" classes of India, who considered war as the only possible occupation (with the exception of hunting) for gentlemen, found their chief grievance against British rule in the fact that it prevented fighting throughout the Peninsula. Kitchener agreed with the Indian princes in the belief that they and their noble subjects were decaying in character under the enforced idleness of the *pax Britannica* and he sympathised keenly with their princely grievance.

As often happens, the great soldier was discovered to be extremely modest on the subject on which he was an authority, but Mr. Putnam thought him disposed to be "cocky" in his conclusions on "things of which he knew little or nothing." As an example he quotes a brusque commentary on the educational methods of the Western States: "It is evident," he remarked, "that among the results of co-education there must be a great increase in the number of illegitimate babies!"

Among those whom the American publisher never quite understood must be reckoned York Powell, who, at the time of his death a few years ago, was Regius Professor of History at Oxford. The historian was a very unsatisfactory editor, at least he was found so in connection with the series of volumes on "English History as Recorded by Contemporary Writers." It was so difficult to get the attention for the editorial work that the final preparation of the material for the Press had to be given to others. Mr. Putnam says

that to him "a promise meant a bond, and for a freeborn Celt, a bond was an oppression, an indignity, something to be rebelled against." He gives an amusing instance to show the truth of this allegation. Powell had been induced to enter into an agreement for a life of Alfred the Great. When, after a long interval, he was asked for a report of progress, he broke out:

"What! You troublesome Yankee! You persistent, pestiferous, pernicky, publishing Putnam! You here again? Why! we got rid of you only yesterday. The Alfred? Well, there's not much to say about that book! I really believe I might manage to finish it in two long vacations, but I cannot begin it this year. I promised to help B. with some Clarendon Press work, and I am thinking of a trip to Iceland with Vigfusson and—there are other things in the way," etc.

There were always "things in the way" with work that was under contract.

In regard to Americans, probably the most familiar name on this side of the Atlantic is that of Theodore Roosevelt, of whom we get a very intimate study. In his young days Roosevelt was one of the Civil Service commissioners charged with the work of carrying into effect the provisions of the new system. He was liked by his colleagues for his energy, decision and power of hard work, but he occasionally surprised them, as the following incident shows:

At one of the sessions of the executive committee of our Civil Service Reform Association, Theodore came in late in the evening fresh from Washington. He shut the door and looking about the room, said to the chairman (Curtis): "I suppose, Mr. Chairman, we adhere to the routine of having no reporters present." "There are no reporters," said Curtis, "and I think our editorial friends (Godkin and Horace White) can be trusted as to discretion." "Then," said Theodore, with solemn emphasis, "damn John Wanamaker!" He went on to explain that he had come from Washington mainly in order to have the satisfaction of uttering that "damn" in a sympathetic circle. He explained further that Wanamaker, at that time Postmaster-General, was doing all that he could (and his facilities were many) for the undermining and nullifying of the Civil Service law.

The book is one that can only be criticised by giving samples of what it contains. Memories which range over half a century cannot be brought down to a single theme. They touch, indeed, on manifold interests and, although particularly directed to the publishing world, give a notable picture of the America and Great Britain of our time.

THE "COUNTRY LIFE" ANTHOLOGY.

IN the pages of COUNTRY LIFE all aspects of the country, its activity, sports and pleasures, are described. But mostly in its poetry is to be sought the imaginative side of life and rural beauty. During the course of years many poets of established fame have contributed to its pages, others who have since attained to distinction sent it their earliest verses, and, last of all, verses from unknown contributors have made their appearance in its post-bag from all parts of the world and have been printed whenever individuality and fine taste were shown. The one criterion applied to them has been that of worth and sincerity. At the request of many readers we are publishing a long delayed selection from these poems. At first glance it may seem inopportune to do this when our country and nearly all Europe are bowed under a dark war cloud. But experience has shown that in times of greatest stress what is real in poetry comes as a solace, because it corresponds with the depth, tenderness, and emotional force evoked by stress and grief. Soldiers in the trenches have developed a hitherto latent taste for poetry, just as they have shown a resurgence of religious feeling. "In quietness and confidence shall be your strength"; and it is in the pure realm of imagination that so many find inspiration and hope to meet the new stern life this hour has brought us. Poetry, unless passionate, morbid and personal, takes the reader away from the tumult and the shouting. It has found peace in accomplished art.

In this anthology there are poems to suit many tastes, but there is none given over to vague ill defined emotion or any merely fanciful sentimentality. There are poems for to-day "of the lads who have gone to the war," and of those who will come back no more. The poems of loss and regret will appeal to the many who have heard the beating of the wings of the Angel of Death. And it is hoped that the beautiful poems of our countryside, of our grey seas and tumbling burns will be read with joy by soldiers who are far from the home and land where their hearts are. May they prove to be pictures as intimate to their hearts as the remembrance of dear familiar faces!

Poems, by Iolo Aneurin Williams. (Methuen.)

THOSE interested in Promise should not miss the slender little book into which Iolo Aneurin Williams has gathered a selection from his early essays in the art of verse-making. If they are discerning they will not be disappointed. But they will not find genius loudly and aggressively made

manifest. Not at haphazard has the young poet dedicated his offering of verse "To the Memory of Matthew Prior." He aims at wit, refinement, fancy and fine workmanship rather than at taking the town by storm. How quietly and surely he can at times achieve his purpose the quotation of a perfect little poem will show. It is entitled "A Monument" (After an Ancient Fashion):

Traveller, turn a mournful eye,
Where my lady's ashes lie;
If thou hast a sweet thine own
Pity me, that am alone;
Yet, if thou no lover be,
Nor hast been, I'll pity thee.

The perfection of this will be treasured by the attentive, but missed by the desultory reader who needs to be called loudly before according his recognition. So with the fine pathos of "When you, oh, sad of heart, are dead":

When you, oh, sad of heart, are dead,
With dark earth mounded o'er your head,
The multitudinous eyes of spring
Will deck your breast, and skylarks sing
In skies as pure as eyes of yours,
"Oh, sad of heart, we and the flowers,
We loved you, who walked earth above,
Knowing no arms nor lips of love."
Thus will they sing, nor guess at all,
Oh, sad of heart, oh, best of all.

In the round score of pieces that make up the book it may be that the pensive note is too frequently sounded, but occasionally sadness is laid aside and a vigorous intellect brought into play, as in the piece beginning:

Age is a large, untidy hall,
With a little fire and a draughty door,
Where the great beginnings of nothing-at-all
Hobnob on the littered floor.

The poems are not equally good. A few are only promising failures, and in several cases a weak ending follows a strong beginning. But these spots are incidental to the work of youth. We forget them in glad recognition of the appearance of one concerning whose poetic gifts there is no room for doubt. We look forward with confidence to his future.

Between the Lines, by Boyd Cable. (Smith, Elder.)

THESE war sketches, some of them already familiar to readers of the *Cornhill*, are intensely well worth reading. Those of us who stay at home can never "realise the war" (we are told so often enough); but if anything could make us do so, it would be some of the descriptions in this book. The author is both forceful and vivid in his pictures of actual fighting. He has not, perhaps, quite sufficient discretion in his adjectives and would gain, as we think, by greater economy of words; but by sheer force of seeing and feeling what he describes he is always extremely effective. Now and then, moreover, he hits on a most illuminating phrase, as when, in speaking of a trench taken and retaken, he says, "The defence was not broken or driven out—it was killed out." He seems to us to be at his very best when he gives us that irrepressible, incorrigible humour of the private soldier under fire, which is so insoluble a mystery to his enemies. Delightful are the interchange of insults between a Cockney regiment and the Germans whose trenches are but 40yds. away. "We'll make you learn German, when we've taken England," says a voice out of the dark. "Oh, it's Englan' you're takin' now," said Private Robinson. "But all you'll ever take of Englan' will be the same as you took before—a tuppenny tip if you serves the soup up nice, or a penny tip if you gives an Englishman a proper clean shave." When the Germans sing the Hymn of Hate the Cockneys encore them uproariously in order that they may master the tune, and finally the Tower Bridge Rifles leave the trenches singing

"'Tis of the 'eart, an' 'tis of the 'and,
'Tis by water an' 'tis by land,
'Oo do we 'tis to beat the band?
England."

Midsummer Magic, by Walter Bamfylde. (Sampson Low.)

THIS is a curious book, interesting perhaps not so much for its story as for the author's point of view. He is like John Wellington Wells in the "Sorcerer," "a dealer in magic and spells." The story opens in a little Gloucestershire village on Midsummer Eve, when the village maidens lay out in their houses a supper for their future lovers and then, as the clock strikes midnight, run three times round the church scattering rose-leaves and repeating

"Rose-leaves, rose-leaves,
Rose-leaves I strow;
He that will love me,
Come after me now!"

The hero, Jasper Barrow, half of gentle and half of gipsy blood, with a rather too obviously gipsy name, is stricken with midsummer madness and pursues an unknown young woman. And this midsummer madness pervades the story, in which all the characters are seen through an odd glamour of unreality. We are not always quite sure what the author would be at, nor, whatever it is, do we think that he has wholly succeeded. He has very decided ups and downs, but there is something romantic about that chase on Midsummer Eve, and he gets a certain attractive quality into his picture of the hills and valleys of Gloucestershire.

Because of These Things, by Marjorie Bowen. (Methuen and Co.)

THE time of this novel is the eighteenth century, and the action moves between England and Scotland. Francis Moutray, a Scottish laird of the strictest principles, travels to Italy and there falls in love with a young and

lovely lady, an Italian countess. There seems nothing in him to attract such a person, but she loves him and sacrifices everything for his sake—her mother, her country and her religion. She goes to live in the wilds of Scotland, bears her husband a child, and proves in all ways a loving and faithful wife. What is her reward? Mr. Moutray beats her to death with a riding-whip, and then, holding their child up over the coffin where she lies, speaks of her thus to the child: "Her soul is in hell and her body gone to corruption." Yet he is not mad. He did these things, we are told, because he discovered that his wife, without his knowledge, had caused the child to be baptised by a priest. Now the strife between natural affection and religious duty is a fair theme for a novelist. There is a famous example in "The Heart of Midlothian," where David Deans is torn between his love for his daughter and his detestation of her sin. But Francis Moutray is not human at all. He is a mere monster, and ought to be in a lunatic asylum. The writer is unjust to Scotland of the eighteenth century. Calvinists or

not, they were not fiends; there was loyalty and poetry, learning and conviviality in that society, and plenty of human nature. But none of the Scottish characters in the book are in the least like Scotch people of any date. The writer is more successful with Italian scenes and people. The old countess, when she stabs her daughter's murderer, is a striking figure of melodrama. Waiters are duly called "drawers," and portmanteaus, "portmantles" or, more strangely, "vails," which in the eighteenth century meant "tips to servants"; but they did not split their infinitives, as this writer constantly does, in the eighteenth century, nor did they suppose that "disinterested" could have the meaning of "uninterested."

AN excellent collection of verse, printed as a little booklet which might be carried in the waistcoat pocket, is, "At the Front" (Frederick Warne). The cost is only a shilling, and the profits go to the Red Cross Society.

THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIETY.

BY CHARLES MARRIOTT.

WITH ease of travel art has become so cosmopolitan that it is in some danger of losing its racial characteristics. It is not necessary to go into the vexed question of whether there is, or ought to be, such a thing as "national art" in order to see that loss of native character must in the long run result in the loss of any character. A man is born an Englishman or a Frenchman or a German, with all the inherited prejudices that such origin implies; and if he paints in a cosmopolitan way, he is to that extent painting unlike himself. It may be objected that the cosmopolitanism is only technical, the result of training in such centres of artistic education as Paris and Munich; but, putting on one side the fact that a technical training which does not recognise the characteristics of the student as well as those of the tools and materials is a doubtful advantage, a very slight acquaintance with current art exhibitions is enough to make one aware that the influence is much deeper than that. It extends to choice of subject, to emotional attitude and, in extreme cases, to the affectation of titles in a language foreign to the artist.

What does it matter so long as the thing is well done? That is a shallow observation. Sooner or later form reacts upon content, and with the cultivation of an alien form the native idea ceases to be expressed. Or, if expressed, it becomes distorted, and distorted in proportion to the technical enthusiasm and sincerity of the artist. There is a striking and, to a reflective person, lamentable illustration of this in contemporary literature. Several of our most brilliant younger writers are expressing English life in terms of the French or Russian novel; that is to say, in terms conditioned by not only the languages but the whole histories of alien races. The results are interesting in themselves, but, incidentally, the more characteristic forms and ideas of English life are not getting themselves expressed in literature.



From a Painting by

A CAFE BAR.

William Strang, A.R.A.

Our new sense of brotherhood with alien races is a strong defence against cosmopolitanism. Obviously, the more you like a foreigner the less you are inclined to conceal from him your native character. The autumn exhibition of the Society of Sculptors, Painters and Gravers, at the Grosvenor Gallery, is a good opportunity to study the question as it affects the art of painting, because, if there were no such thing as national art, there would be no sense in an international exhibition.

But, first, leaving out technical distinctions as too subtle for the scope of this article, what is the chief characteristic of English painting? One has only to think of the most typical English painters, Hogarth, Morland, Wilkie, Watts and Ford Madox Brown, to find the answer: predominance of subject interest. The only concerted "movement" of importance in English painting, that of the Pre-Raphaelites, supplies the same answer. This characteristic, though more obvious in figure-painting, is equally present in landscape. A landscape by Turner or Constable or Ward is more full and complete and varied in subject interest than a landscape of the Barbizon school—not excluding the work of Millet. Whether this characteristic is a virtue or a defect is, for the moment, irrelevant; the point is that

it is English. The English tendency in painting is to give a great deal of explicit information about the subject with, in figure work, a leaning towards an illustration, a story, an allegory, or even a "problem." Another way of putting it would be to say that English painting tends to be "literary" in character.

Is there at the International Exhibition a picture that shows this character? One, emphatically—"A Café Bar" (4), by Mr. William Strang, A.R.A. Whatever its merits or defects as a piece of painting, it is emphatically an English picture. When you look at it you know where you are, and you come back to it after looking at all the other pictures in the exhibition with the assurance with which you come back to a compatriot after talking to foreigners with whose languages you are imperfectly acquainted. The retort that this feeling is due to lack of technical appreciation is easily countered. That is just the point. When you look at the other pictures you think of technical qualities, just as you think of words in talking to a foreigner. When you look at Mr. Strang's picture you think only of what it has to say to you; it needs an effort to notice its technical quali-

ties. You are interested in the strongly marked types of character; the old man with a history, the widow, and the rather ambiguously related couple in the background. Unconsciously you begin to make up stories about them. The charge that this is a literary interest may be cheerfully accepted. Art is a communication, and when you have been interested in what a man said to you you need not mind being told that you did not



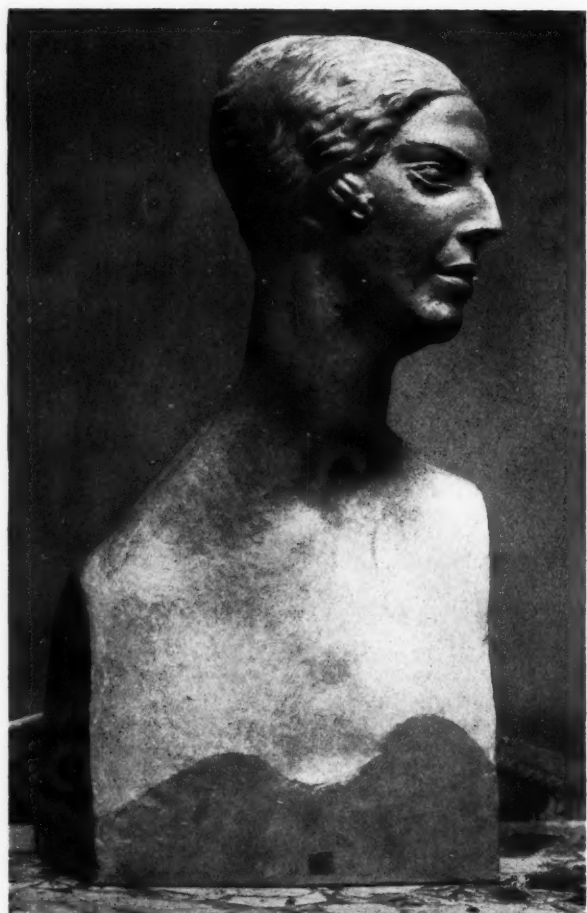
BUST OF MR. THOMAS BEECHAM.
IVAN MESTROVIC.

notice how he said it. Before Mr. Strang's picture you are at home; before most of the other pictures—some of them better painted—you are conscious of trying a little.

By lucky accident the International provides another, and contrasted, illustration in national art; the portrait busts by Ivan Mestrovic. Leaving, for the moment, their technical qualities, what are they? With one exception, "Madame Errezurz," they are presentations of English character by a Serbian sculptor. Whether the "type" hawk-like, with a gathering of the brows above the spring of the nose, to which they all approximate is really Serbian, is an irrelevant question; it is the type or ideal indwelling in Mr. Mestrovic's consciousness. All great artists have been true to this Platonic ideal—even in portraiture. It is inconceivable, for example, that the people of Reynolds' or Gainsborough's day were as like each other in type as they appear to be in the pictures of Reynolds and Gainsborough. The same is true of the portraits of Watts and Rossetti. The silliest kind of art criticism is that which looks for the deliberate choice by an artist of his type or ideal; which says: "Oh, this is Assyrian, or Egyptian, or Minoan, or Peruvian."



BUST OF MISS ST. GEORGE.
IVAN MESTROVIC.



WAX BUST OF LADY CUNARD.
IVAN MESTROVIC.

With an artist of any considerable talent the resemblance to the type of any particular period is not more than accidental. What happens is that the artist works to the type in his own mind, conditioned by his whole nature and the material he is working in.

This last is important. Looking closer at the portrait busts by Mr. Mestrovic, at "Lady Cunard," "Miss St. George," "Madame Errezuriz" and "Thomas Beecham, Esq.," one sees that they are not only, so to speak, "Serbian" types, but sculptural types. One has only to compare them with "The Countess of Warwick," by M. Rodin, to see how much more completely the Serbian sculptor has renounced the enchanting possibilities of imitative craftsmanship in favour of re-statement in characteristic terms of the material. More than any other modern sculptor he has faced the problem of how to get likeness without departing from sculpture. In order to do this he has had to go deep into character; to ignore, comparatively, superficial aspects of the subjects and seize on such broad, constant and general truths as lend themselves to monumental treatment. The turn of the head on the neck in "Lady Cunard," and the action of the hands and arms in "Miss St. George" and "Madame Errezuriz," seems to me examples of this. Without the subjects for comparison, it is impossible to say how "like" the portraits are; but I am convinced that they are fundamentally like, and that to intimate friends of the subjects the likeness will be more apparent as time goes on.

Before leaving the work of Mr. Mestrovic an interesting fact may be noted. The portrait of "Thomas Beecham, Esq.," is much less "Serbian" in type than are the portraits of women. Why is this? I believe that the reason is that the type or ideal in an artist's mind is always feminine. It is not, however, a matter of sex, as we understand it; because, when the artist is dealing with imaginative conception, such as Mr. Mestrovic's "Heroes," even the male figures will approximate to his ideal type. But not, or not so markedly, when he is making male portraits. The fact that the portrait of "Madame Mestrovic," recently exhibited at South Kensington, is not so markedly "Serbian" supports rather than contradicts my notion; because, when

an artist is paying tribute to the woman who means much to him in reality he will unconsciously protest against the type that, not from any suggestion from life, but by the more mysterious conditioning of race and blood, dominates his imagination. The real woman is the only one that he does not re-make in the image of himself.

"The Mascot" (16), a study of two little girls with a black cat, by Mr. Philip Connard, makes a most interesting comparison to the work of Mr. Strang. Equally with his it is a "subject" picture and, I suppose, it is even better painted. Why, then, does it leave me cold? I believe the reason to be that, enthusiastic and sincere on the technical side of his art, Mr. Connard refuses his birthright as an Englishman on the emotional side. Afraid of being called "sentimental" or "literary" in his painting, or of seeming to "tell a story," he ends by saying nothing at all. Presumably the little girls are sisters; but not even the cat establishes a sisterly relationship between them. Presumably they are the objects of Mr. Connard's affectionate interest; but he betrays less feeling about them than about the dead fish he has painted so beautifully in No. 14. On the other hand, what is the real strength of the work of Mr. James Pryde—as exemplified in "The Bed (a variation)" (40). It is that he is not afraid to tell, or at any rate to suggest, a story. Admirably equipped on the technical side, he accepts with both hands the "literary" instinct of an English painter. "The Bed" might be an illustration to a short story by R. L. Stevenson. It is a cut-throat picture.

This is a queer sort of art criticism, but it does seem to me lamentable that some of our best painters should be saying nothing at all because they will not frankly accept their own psychology as Englishmen. Whether we like it or not, and whether it be a virtue or a defect, English painting at its most characteristic is sentimental and literary, and it has a persistent tendency to tell a story. By all means let our painters learn of "the Frenchmen" on the technical side; but, try as they will, they cannot be Frenchmen in their emotional outlook. And, anyhow, it is a poor compliment to our foreign brothers in art to deny them our special contribution to the interpretation of life.

CORRESPONDENCE.

SOME MEMORIES OF W. G. GRACE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The first time I can remember the great cricketer was in or about the year 1867, when he, and one of his brothers, came to play in a match at Cheltenham College. I was then a small boy in the juvenile department of that school. Grace made runs as he always did, but what chiefly impressed itself on my youthful mind was the fact that his mother accompanied the team and kept the score for the side. I remember her well. She seemed to me, in those far off days, quite an elderly person. She wore a large straw hat with a blue veil raised from the face, and on her shoulders reposed one of those light-coloured Indian shawls, which were becoming even then old fashioned. She took an extraordinarily keen interest in the game; and, I believe, to the very end of her life, when she was able no longer to follow her famous son's achievements with her own eyes, was in the habit of receiving from W. G. his own and his side's score by telegram. My next memory of W. G. Grace was as a runner. Not all people, I think, are aware that in his younger days, before he put on weight and became heavy footed, he was an extraordinarily good performer over hurdles. In 1867 or 1868 I saw him run and win a long hurdle race; the distance was, I think, a quarter of a mile, at the Montpellier Gardens, Cheltenham. He was then a tall stripling of nineteen or twenty. He ran with great pace and judgment, took his hurdles lightly and well, and came in a very easy winner. In hurdle races of this kind, from 300yds. to a quarter of a mile, I believe W. G. was never defeated. His athletic career was short, however. He put on weight rather rapidly, and cricket, in the next year or two, began to engage his entire attention. I next saw the great cricketer in the hot summer of 1870, playing for Gentlemen v. Players at the Oval. I sat in the Pavilion for most of the day with my father, and saw W. G. play one of his finest innings—215 was, if I remember right, his score on that day. He had all the bowlers completely at his mercy, among them—I speak from memory—Alfred and J. C. Shaw, Southerton, Lillywhite, Griffith, Willsher and others. Never, I think—and I have seen W. G. at the top of his form on many other occasions—did he exhibit a more triumphant mastery over every kind of bowling. Batting with him at different times that day were B. B. Cooper, B. Pouncefote, W. B. Money, W. W. Yardley, C. J. Ottaway, C. A. Absolom, C. I. Thornton, A. Appleby and two others whose names I forget. One of the incidents of this great day was the announcement of the news of the declaration of war between France and Prussia; and I can still recall the tremendous buzz of excited talk as it ran round the huge ring of spectators. There was no tea interval in those days, but the heat of this match was so phenomenal that, in the middle of the afternoon, a halt was called and liquid refreshment was carried out to the players in the centre of the field.

W. G. and his partner, I think it was W. B. Money, the Cambridge captain, who made a good score, drank out of a big two-handled silver tankard, filled with claret cup, or Hatfield, or some such iced drink. Grace, I can well remember, had in the short space of two or three years since I saw him at Cheltenham filled out remarkably. He was now a full-grown man, wearing the big black-brown beard which we can all remember during his long and wonderful career. At this time, 1870, he was still only two and twenty years of age; but he looked much more like a man of thirty. I last saw W. G. at a meet of the Halstead Place beagles at Kensing, in Kent, in January of last year. He was very fond of this excellent sport, and although of late years not able to run much, he saw a great deal of it, knew the run of a hare as if by instinct, and thoroughly enjoyed the game. We had a long talk on hunting in the train on the return journey to Nottingham, and I cleared up one point in Badminton history about which I had long been puzzled. I had always thought that W. G. took part in the famous run from Great Wood, in 1871, with the Duke of Beaufort's hounds, when twenty-eight miles of country were covered. W. G. told me that his brother Alfred and not himself saw the end of that great hunt. Mr. Alfred Grace is a doctor in practice at Chipping Sodbury, near Badminton. He was quite a useful cricketer, but never up to the form of his famous brothers. E. M., W. G. and G. F. I fancy his inclinations ran more upon fox-hunting, when he had the time to spare from his practice. We shall never see W. G.'s like again. He stood, and will stand in history, head and shoulders above all competitors. The number of people to whom he afforded intense pleasure during forty years of cricket must be enormous. And very rarely indeed did the great batsman ever disappoint his audience.—H. A. BRYDEN.

A PEREGRINE CARRYING A WOODCOCK.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—A few days ago a large hawk was seen coming in from the North Sea carrying something in its claws. It was shot by a man who saw it, and turned out to be a peregrine falcon carrying a woodcock tightly gripped in its talons. Is it not unusual for the peregrine to attack such a big bird as a woodcock? They do not appear to attack the birds on the cliffs where they breed.—J. LILBURN, Lindisfarne Castle.

THE "DISHING" HORSE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I wonder if any of your readers have any theories as to why so many hunter bred horses "dish," i.e., throw their front legs about, in their trot, and often in their gallop too. It is a most objectionable failing, and one

that knocks the shillings into sixpences with unfailing regularity. It is very rare in hackneys, and I do not think I ever knew a real pony do it. Common cart-horses do it to some extent, but Shires, Clydesdales and Punches are, as far as I know, free from it. The worst offender, without doubt, is the hunter got by a thoroughbred sire. I have known at least three cases of mares doing it badly, who bred straight-going stock. But I am quite sure that some thoroughbred sires, though straight goers themselves, get a large number of bad actioned stock. What is the cause of it?—A. M. PILLNER.

A PLAGUE OF RATS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—We are overrun with rats in the house. Can you tell me how I can get rid of them? We cannot use poison as we have so many fowls and animals round the house, neither can we use traps or ferrets. If you could help me I should feel most grateful.—E. S.

THE NAVY AT THE FRONT.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I am enclosing you with this a photograph I received from the front and have asked my friend's permission to send it on to you. It is a portrait of a midshipman who, while on short leave, was permitted to visit his brother, who is on the staff at the immediate front in France. "The Admiral," to give him his family nickname, arrived with the dust and grime of travel thick upon him, and his brother naturally insisted on a prompt application of soap and water. The Captain snapped his brother in the midst of his ablutions and was lucky enough to catch the expression shown in the photograph. There is such a delightfully happy look on the youngster's face that I am sure to see it will do good to those who have sons or brothers at the front, and have been depressed by too much attention to the sadder aspect of warfare.—E. H.

FROST-BITE IN THE TRENCHES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—It is generally admitted that this condition, which proved so serious a source of suffering and loss among our troops last winter, was due to the defective legwear provided by the authorities. The puttee, which is in many respects an admirable covering, being warm, elastic, fairly permeable, and a good protective against cold, damp, thorns, branches and dense undergrowth, has the fatal defect due to the means of fastening, which consists of a long, inelastic tape, which must be wound tightly round the leg just below the knee, thus interfering with the blood circulation, especially when the material shrinks under the influence of moisture, inevitable in the trenches in winter. Early in the spring of the present year the *Lancet* and the *British Medical Journal* called attention to this matter, and invited their readers to suggest a fastening that would be free from the defects of the tape. I devised a simple "hook-pin" and submitted it to the Editor of the *British Medical Journal*, who wrote in the issue of June 12th: "It appears not only completely to answer the purpose in respect of puttees, but is likely also to replace the safety pin for fixing bandages." If this device is to prove of real value to our troops and to our wounded soldiers in the hospitals, it is essential that it should be tested as widely and thoroughly as possible and at once. I have had a number of these hook-pins made, and will gladly send a specimen to any wearer of puttees, or to any nurse or surgeon, or to anyone interested who has a friend acting in either capacity.—C. R. RUTLAND, M.D.

RE PHOTOGRAPHING AT NIGHT.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—With reference to remarks raised upon the question of exposures at night. Might I point out that long exposures are really not necessary and that successful results are as much due to skilful and prolonged development? To obtain detail in the shadows, however, the old photographic adage must be observed, *i.e.*, "Expose for the shadows and let the high lights take care of themselves." A successful architectural photographer who has done cathedral interiors generally speaking can tackle any night subject. My recent photographs in *COUNTRY LIFE*, more especially the one of Henley-on-Thames at midnight, were taken with a view to show how valuable is photography, coupled with comet bearings, in espionage, even during this period of subdued lighting, and I personally think it quite possible that

this method of photographic mapping may have been carried on. Any sharp photograph will make a suitable 15 x 12, or greater, enlargement, and it might be well to bear in mind that my Henley view above mentioned was taken in absolute darkness, only three or four very distant street lamps being lighted, yet the exposure and development can give a daylight effect on printing if required.—R. DYKES, F.R.P.S., Second-Lieutenant, 8th Cameron Highlanders.

WASPS IN SITTING ROOMS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Our lovely September has brought out an extraordinary number of wasps in these parts, and the curious thing is that for the last three or four weeks they have been coming into sitting rooms and lying up, so that when the curtains are closed and the electric lights turned on we have several flying wearily about the room. Nearly all these wasps are of great size and apparently queens, full of wax. This house, a "lesser country house of to-day," being an old farm added to, faces the south and is covered (or smothered) with *Solanum jasminoides*, which has been specially full of blossom this year. Is it possible that this plant has any special attraction for wasps? I hoped to send a photograph of the *Solanum*, but the plate has not been developed.—UVEDALE LAMBERT.

[So far as we can ascertain, *Solanum jasminoides* does not possess any special attraction for wasps, although some members of the *solanum* family do, including the tomato, which, by the way, we have never known to be visited by bees. Wasps in the house should be destroyed immediately they are seen, by this means there would be no difficulty in keeping them down. In conservatories they are readily destroyed by fumigating with "XL All" nicotine vaporising compound and by "Auto Shreds Fumigant," both of which may be obtained locally from a horticultural sundriesman. However, we do not advise the use of these fumigants in the sitting-room.—Ed.]

THE OFFICERS TRAINING CORPS AND THE GREAT WAR.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I read with much interest Professor Spenser Wilkinson's review of Captain Haig Brown's book, "The Officers Training Corps and the Great War" in *COUNTRY LIFE* of October 16th. Every officer who has commanded a school contingent since the foundation of the corps, as I have done, rejoices in the incalculable measure of assistance which the Officers Training Corps has given to the formation of the new armies. Captain Haig Brown's book has therefore appeared most opportunely, for I think there never was a work which received less recognition from the ordinary public than that of the Officers Training Corps. May I take this opportunity of pointing out that the figures given by Captain Haig Brown in respect of the work of Wellington School, Somerset, are not correct? This is not Captain Haig Brown's fault, but mine, as I was extremely busy with military work at the time he asked me for the figures, and his tables therefore were compiled from imperfect data. The figures given in the book show eleven officers gazetted from this contingent from the outbreak of war to March, 1915, and twenty-five serving in the

ranks. These should have been thirty-two officers and sixty-two rankers. Wellington School, Somerset, is not one of the greater public schools, but we are proud of what it has done in relation to its numbers, and I shall be glad therefore if you will publish this correction.—GEORGE COMBE.

THE FLOWERS THAT BLOOM IN NOVEMBER.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The enclosed list of flowers, all of which I found in blossom on November 1st and 2nd in our garden here, may interest many of your readers.—K. E. FARMER, Lucan House, Ripon.

Flowers picked in the garden of Lucan House on November 1st and 2nd, 1915: Roses—red, white and pink China monthly, Dorothy Perkins and Single American (magenta), Phlox (red and white), lupine, delphinium, violets, jasmine (yellow and white), marguerites, geraniums (pink and red), lobelia (blue), sweet peas, fuchsia, snapdragons (four colours), poppies (large mauve and pink, Shirley yellow), Clematis, scabious (three colours), cornflower, Japanese anemone, nasturtium, pyrethrum, pentstemon, geum (single and double), arabis, auricula, polyanthus, carnation, pansy, viola, calceolaria, Christmas rose, catmint, anchusa, Weigela rosea, helenium, montbretia, Shasta daisy, Michaelmas daisy, Canterbury bells, heather, lavender, mignonette, salpiglossis, primrose, bluebell, begonia, heliotrope, verbascum, 'ritoma, salvia, potentilla, lobelia (carmine and Glory of St. Anne's), erigeron, nemesis, gladioli, chrysanthemum, honeysuckle, agapanthus, thyme, forget-me-not, wallflower, gypsophila.



"THE ADMIRAL" AT THE FRONT.

A GIANT PUFF-BALL.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—You may be interested to see photographs of a puff-ball I found recently in my garden at Nuneham. It weighed 5½lb. and measured 36in. in circumference.—



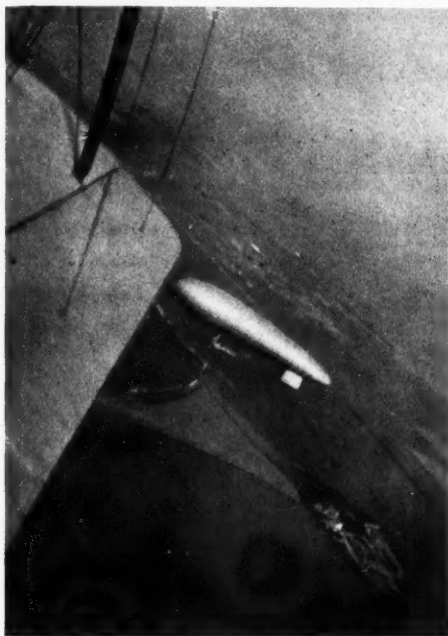
FIVE POUNDS OF EDIBLE FUNGUS.

L. HARCOURT. [In our issue of September 11th of this year we published a letter from Miss Frances Pitt about a giant puff-ball, 34in. in circumference, with a weight of 4½lb. But it will be seen that the specimen described by Mr. Harcourt exceeds even these gigantic dimensions.—Ed.]

NOTES OF OWLS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I am glad to be able to set at rest any doubt there may be as to the "kee-wik" cry of the brown owl. I reared three young brown owls brought to me in 1913 from the nest and kept them for about two years. They were not fully fledged when I had them first and, of course, had to be hand fed for a time. Owls are plentiful here (Camden), and during 1914 a pair of mature brown owls discovered my young owls (which lived in an outhouse about 50yds. from my house, and were constantly about in my garden. I cannot say whether they were the parents or not, but they both called to my birds, which answered them, and the note used by young and old was generally the shrill "kee-wik" cry I had hitherto associated with the barn owl. I well remember my surprise the night I first discovered this, for on hearing the note I went out expecting to see a barn owl, only to find that the sound was uttered by my own owls in their outhouse. This naturally put me on the alert, and on many subsequent occasions I found the mature birds using the same cry, varied sometimes by a sort of hoarse screech—almost a cackle. All the books I have read state that owls never drink, but my young owls did occasionally drink some of the water they had for washing.—OLIVER H. VIRR.



A CAMERA IN THE AIR.

THE EDITOR. SIR,—You might find the enclosed photograph of an airship, taken by an old servant of mine, worth publishing. He joined the Royal Flying Corps in the early days of the war. The photograph was taken by him from an aeroplane, and I thought it might interest your readers as being somewhat unusual.—G. A. R.

AN AIRSHIP PHOTOGRAPHED FROM AN AEROPLANE.

arrived among us in the early summer, not by any means of his own free will, but because he was snatched from his nest, half way up the cliffs of Rathlin Island, and stuffed into a basket much too small for him, the lid held down by a stick through what seemed an endless journey by land and sea thirty miles into the heart of the County Antrim. Someone had said how useful sea-gulls were in a garden, "Max" was not one of the useful ones. If he did eat slugs, they were merely an insignificant addition to the flowers and vegetables he indulged in. What he did not want to eat he tore up and looked at, till at last one day he reached the limit of the gardener's patience, and the door was opened and he was hunted out of the garden to take his chance among the other animals outside. At first he was very miserable and wandered round the place in the most disconsolate manner. And then he struck a friend. That spring a black-faced mountain lamb had been added to our house-party, someone had told us they were so useful at clipping the lawn. This lamb preferred lying on the gravel in the middle of the yard, looking thoroughly miserable. One day "Max" saw the lamb. He watched it for a long time very intently, then he came closer

"MAX."
THE EDITOR.
SIR,—"Max"

and sat down beside it, then he hopped on to its back. From the date of that first great adventure "Max" and the lamb are seldom divided, there he sits most of the day nestled into the thick wool and swaying up and down with the breathing of the lamb just as he might have done on the heaving summer sea. The lamb is quite content and only now and then upsets him by a deep sigh which necessitates "Max" standing up to keep his balance.



A PAIR OF WASTRELS.

Both are happy now in the sympathy and comfort of each other. Truly adversity makes strange bedfellows!—"OLD BUSHMILLS."

THE GLEANING BELL.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I notice that those of your readers who have written on the ringing of the gleaming bell seem to consider it an obsolete custom. It may, perhaps, interest them to know that in the Hertfordshire village of Ashwell the gleaming bell is rung regularly at 9 a.m. and 5 p.m. I have often watched the women standing in the fields before 9 o'clock waiting to start, until they hear the first strokes.—F. H.

A RECIPE OF RESPECTABLE ANTIQUITY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—By kindness of Captain C. B. Petre of Dankenhall, I am able to send you an old plague remedy, which I found in a book, much written in by Judge Walmsley, the then owner of the property—c. 1597. It is called "A receyt for the plague."

- | | | |
|---------------------------------|--------------------|---------------|
| 1. Rec : Cinnamon iij drames. | 5. ligne aloes | dim. a drame. |
| 2. Aloes Succotrine iij drames. | 6. Mace | dim. a drame. |
| 3. Mirr iij drames. | 7. Masticke | di. a drame. |
| 4. Cloves | 8. bole Armeniacke | dim. a drame. |

Beate all these into fine poulder and mixe theym well together and every morninge take the waight of ij^l in vi sponfulls of whyt wyne mixt with water and god willinge you shalbe safe from the pestelence.

"This was used in the great plague anno: 1348 and ever since among the Phisicians: and there was never man knowne that used this dulle but was preservd from that disease in the feare of god be it done.

"Yf any chaunce to be infected take ix Ivey berries and beat theym to poulder and put the poulder into a drafte of whyte wyne, and let the pacient drinke of it within xxiiijth howres at the most after he is infected, and goe to bed and sweat temperately three howres, then closely change his sheetes and shurte for taking of could, and many have thus in xij howres and some in xxiiijth howres byne cured, and gone abrode safe the third daye: yf noe alteration appeare upon foure howres after the nine Ivey Berries and sweat, then take nine more, and keep him warme, but not to sweat much more, and yf need be the thyrde tyme, wch seldom is needfull. Yf it dryve furthe any sore as sometimes in a corrupt bodie it will, prepare two or three henns and pull their vents bare of fethers and put their vents, (they livinge) to the sore, and it will drawe out the venom, and the henn will dye, then take a second henn, and yf needbe a thirde, yf the henn dye not quickly, the venom seemes to be drowne away."

In the next recipe a plague-spot is called a "boche."—G. A. Stocks.

PESTS AS FOOD.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In your leaderette on farm pests in Scotland, your mention of rats made it seem to me as if you had it in mind that this rodent might be put with rabbits as an article of food; nor might you have been far from hitting the mark, notwithstanding the repulsive idea. It is a remarkable fact that many Parisian folk during the siege of Paris subsisted on rats, served as ragouts and in other ways, and I think that some of our daily papers implied that the rodent as food was far from being unpalatable. In my native village the landlord of the inn was keen upon strange dishes, and on one occasion he invited certain of his customers to a pie supper. There were no refusals, though some of them wondered "what next," for they had celebrated hedge-hog, sparrow and other things served up at pie suppers at his house. This particular supper comprised half a dozen large pies in dishes each with a beautiful crust and with plenty of gravy to the potatoes. After the meal was over the landlord inquired if the pies were liked, and as everyone replied to the effect that they were good and that they had enjoyed them, the landlord said: "Well, mates, I'll tell you what they are made of to-morrow night." This he did when they assembled, and no one was a bit surprised when it was given out that the pies were made of young rats.—SENEX.



A RUSSIAN SWITCHBACK OF A HUNDRED YEARS AGO

THE FLYING MOUNTAIN.

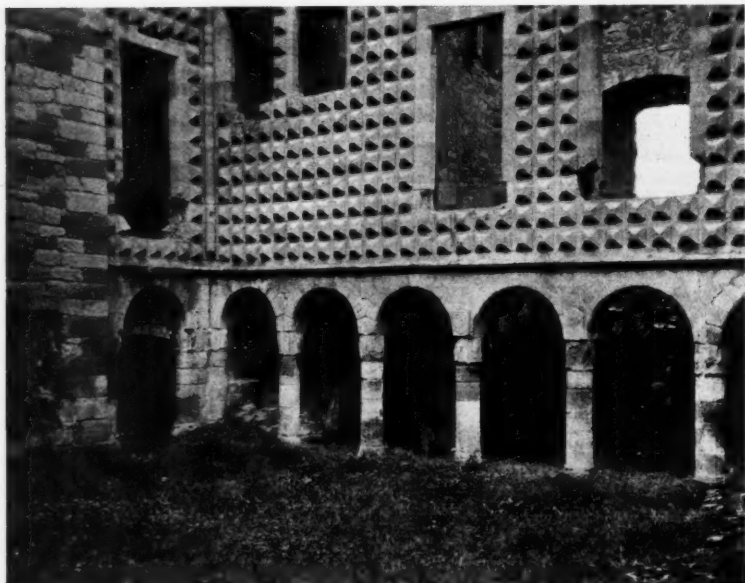
[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have always been under the impression that the switchback railway was an American device, but Robert Johnston's "Travels Through Part of the Russian Empire," published in 1815, shows that it was in full operation in Russia more than a century ago. The enclosed photograph of the "Flying Mountain" from Johnston's book seems to be worthy of reproduction. This is what the author says about it: "The amusement, in the summer months, in this part of the country, is chiefly derived from a singular conical frame of wood, raised to a height of thirty or forty feet, with a grooved railway, leading, from its summit, to a considerable distance along the plain. This is called the Flying Mountain. The company ascend by a flight of steps, and each individual, being seated on a low carriage, supported on four small wheels, is precipitated down the railway, with a velocity sufficient to produce giddiness. The force of the descent carries it along a level distance, equal to an hundred yards. At the termination of the level line, another elevated frame is erected similar to the other, which, on ascending, produces a retrograde effect. To vary the motion, the railway along the plain is sometimes made of a series of ridges, so that the velocity acquired in descending from the one, carries it up the other, and thus a sort of perpetuum mobile is kept up. When the Neva is frozen over, these flying mountains are erected on the ice, and receive an increase of velocity, in proportion to the decrease of friction."—C. G.

"FAIR HEWN FACETS."

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Is not the decoration which appears above the arches in the enclosed photograph very unusual in Great Britain? It is in Crichton Castle, Midlothian, which I recently explored with great delight. The sexton of the fine old parish church assured me that the only other example of such work was in Elgin Cathedral, and I certainly do not remember having seen its like elsewhere. Hill Burton in his "History of Scotland" says, "Among feudal



UNUSUAL ORNAMENT AT CRICHTON CASTLE.

castles, the only one that now preserves the ambitious design and extensive decoration belonging to the period which followed the pointed Gothic is Crichton Castle"; and he goes on to speak of the probability of the work being that of foreign craftsmen. Although the castle, beautifully situated, is quite clearly seen from the Midland main line from Edinburgh to Carlisle. I expect that many travellers would need to read Scott again before recalling that it was in Crichton Castle Marmion rested for a night or two when on his way to James IV. The ruin is in much better order now than at the time Scott wrote. No more the

"miry court

But pens the lazy steer and sheep;"

the place is well fortified with barbed wire, and a key, to be obtained from the neighbouring manse, is the only "open sesame"; while, as seen in my photograph,

Still rises unimpaired, below,
The courtyard's graceful portico;
Above its cornice, row and row
Of fair hewn facets richly show
Their pointed diamond form."

One sign of a magnificent fireplace still remains, also a fine doorway.—ARTHUR O. COOKE.

EEL TRAPS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I was interested to notice in your issue of Saturday, 23rd inst., a letter from Mr. J. A. French regarding eel nets and traps. I enclose herewith two photographs, one showing an eel



AN EEL TRAP AND BASKET FROM KINTYRE.

trap and the other an eel basket, which may be of interest to your readers should you see your way to reproduce them in COUNTRY LIFE. The eel trap is of wicker work and is divided into three compartments, somewhat as follows:



The trap is so constructed that each compartment is narrower at the inner end than at the outer, the osiers of which it is made converging as shown in the above sketch. Once the eels are in they cannot swim out again. The small end of the trap is fitted with a large cork, which, in the photograph, the fisherman is holding in his hand, and when this is removed the eels can be let out of the trap. Some kind of bait, of course, is put in to catch the eels. You will also observe the weights at the side to keep the trap lying steadily on the bed of the river. The basket, shown in photograph No. 2, is used to keep the eels in until such time as they are required for use. Both these photographs were taken in Kintyre.—O. R. JEX-LONG.

TO GET RID OF SLUGS INDOORS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—As we have had the same trouble with slugs in our dining-room as your correspondent "E. S.," I write to say that we have overcome it by making French windows fit so tightly that no slug can crawl underneath and by blocking up all cracks between the wainscot and floor with thin strips of wood.—M. L.